

Written by Fannie Willard

File

Literature Department of the
Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

ALASKAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

Sitka Series.—No. 2.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In no other place in Southeastern Alaska is there gathered so large a number of native children as may be found in our Training School at Sitka. The Sitka Training School is a familiar name in the homes of many Christian people in the United States. How many prayers ascend to our God in its behalf! How the wee tots save their pennies in order that "their boy" or "their girl" may enjoy and profit by the benefits of Christian education at the Sitka Training School!

It costs about \$100 to feed, clothe, care for and educate an Alaskan child at our school. Many of the pupils here are orphans, or are those whose parents are not capable of caring for them. The Industrial Training School is more than its name implies, it is an orphanage and rescue home as well. During the days when witchcraft was openly practiced by these people, time after time were children rescued by the school from the hands of their tormentors or would-be murderers.

Child marriage, by contract, or by law of suc-

cession, as practiced by the Alaskans, presents as pitiful a picture as our foreign missionaries find in India. Sometimes children are betrothed in infancy, and marriages are contracted early, which are a cause of much misery among these people. Not infrequently the young girls seek protection, and find it, in our school. There are several such cases here now. Recently there was admitted here a bright looking girl of about fourteen or fifteen, who had been forced by her relatives to marry an old man. She was treated so cruelly that she appealed to the missionaries, who sent her to this school. She bears on her face an ugly scar, a reminder of her past life.

All the pupils over ten or twelve years of age attend school a half-day only. The schoolrooms are in the girls' hall. Last winter, to make room for the primary grade, the boys' sitting-room was converted into a schoolroom. There are about 130 children here, 50 of them being girls. The majority of the pupils are small. The industrial shops are small and can accommodate only a limited number at a time. There are between eight and ten boys in the carpentry class. These boys do all the repairing and building that is done here. The boys make all the shoes for the school.

Besides the instruction that they receive in the domestic science kitchen, the girls take turns in working in their own kitchen. Here the food is cooked on such a mammoth scale that the knowledge gained is of little practical value. To supple-

ment this two girls are chosen every month to assist in the teachers' kitchen. It is here that the girls get their real working knowledge of cooking. Housekeeping is a sort of an instinct with women and girls in general. Not so with the real Alaskan woman. This is not to be wondered at. In their own homes they do not even wash the dishes, if there are any. Usually the meal is contained in one pot or vessel. The family, old and young, dogs and all, seat themselves on the floor in a ring, with the pot in the center, and, each armed with a spoon, proceed with the serious business of eating. According to Alaskan etiquette, it is impolite to laugh or talk while eating. The meal finished, the spoons are thrown in the pot, the pot left on the floor by the fire, until such time as it will be needed again, when it may be washed or not, as suits the pleasure of the cook *pro tem*. Often the father or other male members will do all the cooking. As the family live usually in one room, dirt and refuse accumulate rapidly, and very little attempt is made at housecleaning.

Not long ago a missionary had occasion to visit the homes of some of the more civilized Tlingits at Sitka. In one house the family was not at home. There was a young woman there, however, who informed the missionary that "the people in here are not clean. They think they are, if they sweep their house out after the dirt has accumulated so that it has to be shovelled out. I worked for a white woman who made me wipe the chairs every day, when I couldn't

see any dirt on them. Now I call that clean. These people are not clean." So housekeeping and cooking is a hard science for our girls. The real forte of the Alaskan woman is sewing. She can become and is an expert needlewoman. From the delicate bead embroidery to the fashioning of garments they are a success. Our girls cut and sew their own dresses and aprons. They like this kind of work.

With so much attention given to the material welfare, their spiritual advancement is not overlooked. Far from being stoical or undemonstrative in their religion, they are more like the warm-hearted negro. The moral standard of the school is high. Let a boy throw a stone and accidentally break a window-pane, he will not hesitate one minute about "owning up," although he may be sure he'll not escape some kind of punishment. In the intermediate grade the pupils are put upon their honor about talking in school. At the end of every session the teacher calls the roll and each pupil gives a report of his or her conduct. Rarely is this confidence abused. Before the advent of the white people, thieving was capital offence. This may, in some measure, influence our children in this matter also, as there is a remarkable absence of this vice among them, although to Christ and the Christian religion belongs the greater glory.

Very cordially yours,

FRANCES H. WILLARD.

No. 241—1st. Ed.—8, 1901.

(Kathie)
(Lucy Whangell)

*Literature Department of the Woman's Board of
Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.*

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Presbyterian Missions in Alaska.

The Work for 1898-9.

IN May, 1898, General Assembly gave its countenance to the agreement of the Woman's Board with the Board of Home Missions to assume all the Presbyterian mission work in Alaska, and thus relieve the debt-burdened Assembly's Board. In addition to its school work the Woman's Board thus undertakes the support of the preaching missionaries and all the financial obligations connected with the prosecution of mission work in that territory. These new responsibilities rest upon Women's Home Mission societies at a time when the Klondyke rush of miners has quite changed conditions at several of the mission stations, and some reconstruction of methods is made necessary. A general outline of the work at each station will therefore be useful to societies who are interested in carrying on the good work which has already had such blessed results among the tribes of the Northland.

Presbyterian missions are located as follows: at Haines, Fort Wrangel, Hoonah, Jackson, Juneau, Kluckwan, Point Barrow, Saxman, St. Lawrence Island and Sitka, with possible, future stations on the Yukon under the care of Rev. S. Hall Young, now "prospecting" for mission work there.

CHILKAT MISSION, HAINES, established in 1881 by Rev. E. S. Willard and wife, now in charge of Rev. W. W. Warne. This is the first station to be affected by the great influx of Yukon miners, being in the direct line of travel and but a few miles from Skaguay and Dyea. The mission property suddenly becomes a town site, and the "Home" environment cause for speedy action. The result is a sale of the property which closes the "Home" and transfers such children as can go, to Sitka. A new manse at another point will be built for the missionary, and the church work, so promising among the Chilkats, will go on. The money received from the sale of buildings and land will be applied to the missionary work, which will carry the Gospel even beyond Southeastern Alaska.

FORT WRANGEL. Mission established in 1877, when Dr. Sheldon Jackson placed Mrs. A. R. McFarland in charge of school work. Rev. Clarence Thwing, M. D., is the present missionary, and a former missionary teacher has charge of the Government School. The Stickine River route to the Yukon has its effect on this mission and new opportunities for evangelistic work press upon the Board.

HOONAH. School work established in 1881, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McFarland taking charge in 1884. The widowed Mrs. McFarland holds the station single handed at the present time, being also the Government School teacher. A successor to Rev. Alvin C. Austin will soon go to her relief and the native church will have a minister again. Mr. Austin's interpreter who followed his fellow Hoonahs to the gold fields held services with them every Sunday, calling them together with the bell that he carried with him from Hoonah Mission—an object lesson to Sabbath breaking miners.

JACKSON. Established 1881. Rev. J. Loomis Gould was the missionary in charge for fifteen years among the Hydahs, and Mrs. A. R. McFarland nearly as long over the Girls' Home. Since 1896 the boarding departments of the school have been closed. Now Miss Christine Baker, one of the missionary teachers, is the Government teacher, and the native church awaits the successor of Rev. M. D. McClelland transferred to Sitka.

JUNEAU. Established 1886. In this mining town one missionary to the whites and one to the natives have conducted the work, the missionary to the natives acting also as Superintendent of the Industrial Home. The growing town has so surrounded this Home that it will be closed and sold, the pupils being transferred as far as possible to Sitka, and Rev. L. F. Jones continuing the evangelistic work among the natives. Rev. J. H. Condit has charge of the white congregation.

KLUCKWAN, a new station about to be opened among the Chilkats, in response to the appeals and pledges of the tribe to the representative of the Board who met the delegation. A native worker associated with Mr. Jones at Juneau, as interpreter, will be sent to them. He is Frederick Moore, well-known to some Home Mission societies who assisted in his education.

POINT BARROW, the northernmost station on the continent. School established by Mr. M. L. Stevenson in 1890. This lonely post is now occupied by the missionary physician, Dr. R. H. Marsh, and his wife. Dr. Marsh, who succeeded Mr. Stevenson, is also the Government teacher.

SAXMAN, a new preaching station among the Tongass, to whom the newly-ordained native Alaskan minister, Rev. Edward Marsden, has been sent.

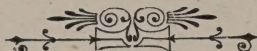
ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND. First missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Gambell, who were joyfully received by the natives. After three years' excellent work they returned for the sake of a surgical operation for Mrs. Gambell, and were lost at sea on the voyage back to the Island, May 19, 1898. Dr. Sheldon Jackson found a candidate from Princeton, Rev. W. F. Doty, providentially at Seattle, who was willing to fill the breach and take the one opportunity of the year to reach St. Lawrence Island and the waiting natives. He was accordingly appointed missionary and Government teacher to the far off station in Bering Sea.

SITKA. The exigencies of the Alaska work at this transition period, together with the better facilities for industrial training, concentrate the main school work of the Board at Sitka. Here is ample opportunity for strengthening every department, and doing the most effective work for the children of every tribe in Southeastern Alaska. Sitka is outside the line of travel and the rush of the gold seekers. It offers a safer environment for the pupils; suitable buildings for proper education, and the industrial branches in particular; and the best chance for self-support for the pupils who go through the school.

The missionary force (including the Government teachers) comprises Superintendent W. A. Kelly; Dr. B. K. Wilbur, Physician and Surgeon; Miss Esther Gibson, Hospital Nurse; Mrs. S. A. Wallace, Mrs. A. H. Carter and Miss A. M. Sheets, Matrons; Mrs. E. C. Heizer, Mrs. M. A. Saxman and Miss Olga Hilton, Teachers; Mrs. M. K. Paul, Laundress and Interpreter; Mr. J. E. Gamble, Mr. G. F. Beck and Mr. F. Hudson, Industrial Teachers; while the Rev. M. D. McClelland is the missionary in charge of church work, succeeding Rev. Alonzo E. Austin, so long identified with the Sitka Mission.

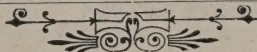
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Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church.



Juneau • Home,

JUNEAU, ALASKA.



Box L, Station O,
154 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps, which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to Miss S. F. LINCOLN, Box L. Station O, 154 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Juneau Home.

SOON after the discovery of gold in the neighborhood of Juneau that settlement became the metropolis of Alaska; hundreds of white men rushed there to avail themselves of the opportunities which they believed to exist of acquiring sudden and great wealth. These men were with but few exceptions of that lawless, adventurous class which at any time stands ready to move to new and untried sections of the country where courts and legal restraints are unknown. Hundreds of natives, representing fifteen tribes, were added; these found the white man at Juneau showing an utter disregard of the Sabbath and of Christian institutions, indulging in drunkenness, evil-living, and vice of all kinds. Saloons were numerous, dance-houses and gambling dens flourished openly, and the boasted civilization of *the States* showed to the poor native, not a better way of living, but the broad downward path to destruction. A nefarious traffic sprung up, and the young, ignorant Alaskan girls were sold to the miners by their parents, who often found their entire means of support in the money thus received. Rebellion



JUNEAU, ALASKA:

against such a lot brought upon the unhappy victim the wrath of all her relatives, and, driven from one point of shelter to another, she was obliged to choose between the life of shame, and starvation or death at the hands of the angered members of her family. Drunkenness became a vice of the native, his gambling instincts were developed into a passion by the example of the white man, and instead of the suppression of witchcraft it was looked upon and laughed at as a peculiarity of a low and depraved people.

It was in such a community that Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Willard spent ten days in August of 1885, while waiting for a steamer to carry them to Sitka, Juneau being the nearest point to Chilkat, at which the steamers landed. During the latter part of their five-year stay in Chilkat, Mr. and Mrs. Willard had been greatly impressed with the need of mission workers at Juneau, and after their visit there these faithful friends of the Alaskans renewed their importunities in behalf of the neglected village. They had seen the boys and girls from the different Mission schools and many of the native Christian men and women, all of whom were gathering here in search of work, being dragged down into sin and misery, and left with not one to care for them. Mr. and Mrs. Willard themselves hoped to return to take up their work in Chilkat, so the answers to their appeals came to them as a startling surprise. From New York went the message to Mr. Willard: "We have no man, except yourself, who can take

hold of the work at Juneau. You know the people, their language, their customs—they know and trust you—go.”

In obedience to this order on the 7th of June, 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, accompanied by their little family and Miss Bessie Matthews, who was to aid in the new work as she had before done at Chilkat and Sitka, landed at Juneau. There was but one available house in the town, and that could be secured but for one month; here, with a stove, two or three steamer chairs, and the bedding spread on the floor, these courageous workers began housekeeping in their new home. “We scarcely missed other things,” writes Mrs. Willard, “for the house was so filled with natives who wished to tell us how glad they were to see us again, with others who wanted medicine, and still others who came to gaze at us and what we had, curiously and suspiciously. But by far the greater number were our Chilkats, who wanted us to ‘go home.’”

“‘Why do you stay here? How long will you stay here?’ they asked. ‘Perhaps a year—until a new teacher can come.’”

“And so it was day after day for weeks—yes, for *years*, for we were never able to take our hand from the Juneau plow to go back to the Chilkat country.

“Mr. Willard went on immediately to bring necessary housekeeping things from Chilkat. While he was gone one of our former Home girls was brought by her parents, who said: ‘You told

us you would take your children back when you were done staying at Sitka if we kept them pure and clean.'

"In vain did we tell them that we were unprepared to open a Home in Juneau, that the Board could not build us a house or a church, and that we did not yet know where we could ourselves find shelter for the winter. We must take her they said, or they would be obliged to find a husband for her. They were going to remain at the mines, and she would not be safe.

"She *was* one of our children. I could not face the certain result of refusing to protect her. She was thirteen years old, and they were poor. So the wedge was entered, and a few days afterward the block was split when our whale-boat, left at Sitka, arrived from that place manned by our fourteen-year-old boys, who had cherished the promise made them on leaving Chilkat, that if they would go and make good pupils in Sitka they might return if they preferred when we reopened our Home. They had been received at Sitka with that proviso.

"With an older boy who had finished his time in the Sitka school, they had made the trip of a hundred and fifty miles in a sail-boat, because they were *home-sick*!

"I let them put up their tent close by our door, and they cooked and warmed by a camp fire. The Juneau Mission Home was an established stubborn fact."

Though Mr. and Mrs. Willard hoped to be able

to send all future applicants to Sitka, it was yet necessary that they provide a permanent home for the missionary workers and a temporary shelter for the children then under their care. It was decided, therefore, that a house be erected on a lot bought by Mr. Willard the previous year, as a site for the home of the missionary he was hoping to see in Juneau. But even during the time it would take to build the house some kind of shelter was needed, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard themselves purchased another lot upon which there was a small house which could be used for the workers and the girls, and an 8x10 log-hut for the use of the boys, others of whom had arrived from Chilkat. The teacher's house "consisted of two rooms on the first floor, and a loft two feet high at the eaves, with a half-sash window in each gable end. A few loose boards comprised its floor, and it was reached by a ladder made by nailing strips across two pieces of studding in the partition below. This loft was the girl's dormitory, and the bedroom of our faithful teacher, Miss Matthews. The downstairs partition was made of rough boards which had so shrunk apart and were so full of 'hole knots' as to be of little use save as a brace to the building and a ladder! In the smaller of the two rooms was an old cook-stove, bought with the house, so that room became our kitchen, children's dining room and sitting-room. The other room was the teachers' dining-room, reception and sleeping-room for the father, mother and children,"

By September the new house was so far advanced that Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Miss Matthews and the girls moved into it, and the boys were taken from the damp, open log-hut to the house previously occupied by the others.

Two tribes, the Takoo people and the Auks, had their villages near Juneau, and each Sunday morning one of the Home boys, with a large hand bell, went through these villages calling the people to church. As the two tribes were unfriendly to each other and would not attend services at the same time, the living room of the house, 13x20, at first accommodated the congregations. The Auks were the more degraded tribe, and for a long time were suspicious and held themselves aloof, sneering at the "prison-school children," but at last the constant kindness shown them in their times of trouble, the improvement in the home children, and the unfailing efforts put forth to reach them, broke down their prejudice and they came to the services. A church had been promised as soon as the money to build it should be in the treasury, but unable to wait for that, Mr. Willard and the boys began the work themselves, cutting with axes and picks through several feet of frozen peat bog in order to place the piles on the solid ground below. After this Mr. Willard tore down and rafted to Juneau, with the help of the Rev. Joseph P. White, who had been sent by the Board to the white population of Juneau, and of Mr. Fred. F. White, teacher in the Government day-school at Juneau, the material of a building about

twenty-three miles from Juneau, which had been donated for that purpose. All this labor being accomplished the new building was ready for use by July 3d, 1887, and that same month was organized with thirteen members.

Gradually Mr. and Mrs. Willard were led to realize that a Home was necessary in Juneau, as many parents, especially among the Auks, would not allow their children to be taken to Sitka. They must be trained at Juneau or not at all. A Home meant the acceptance of more children; the acceptance of more children demanded more room, and a story and a half addition was joined to the old house which was now supposed to be able to accommodate twenty children, though more were occasionally crowded into it. The children attended the Government day-school, but within the limited quarters of the home, it was necessary to do not only the cooking, eating, and the washing of clothes, but the drying as well, as it often rained for months at a time. After three or four years a laundry was added, and in 1893 the new Juneau Home building, which accommodates three teachers and forty pupils, was opened, and it was possible to leave the old uncomfortable quarters for the new, unpretentious but neat, building.

What has been the work accomplished by this Home?

One that cannot be summed up in figures or printed in black and white. What might have been the future of the boys and girls who have

lived there, had they been left in the homes of their parents, can never be known, but by a comparison of the cosy little homes already built in Juneau by some of these Home children now grown to manhood and womanhood, with those occupied by the uncared for natives, one is unavoidably led to conclusions which seem so absolute as to be proven beyond doubt. It is certain that no native girl left to the care of the equally ignorant native woman could have established and cared for such a home as that of "Yahk." Two pleasant rooms constitute her house—a "bed-room and a living room. A nice ingrain carpet on one floor and the other as white as boards will come while new. The cook stove is shining, the windows are curtained daintily with cheese cloth. The bed is smooth and white, and in the home-made cradle coos the dear, bright baby boy, while the young mother, with shining, happy face, glances at him between her stitches.

"As the little nickel clock on the shelf marks the approach of their supper hour, Yahk folds away her sewing, shakes up the cushion on her rocking chair, and spreads the little table invitingly for the coming of Wha-same."

Where in Alaska, save in some spot where the mission teacher and the Mission Home has gone, can such a picture as that be found? Nothing in Alaska is so important as the establishment of these small Christian homes of the natives, and nothing is so certain as that the establishment of such homes is impossible without the Mission Home in which

to shelter the boys and girls from the contaminating influence about them, and in which to educate them for lives of strength and usefulness.

One agency which has been very effective in the establishment and preservation of native homes has been the "Society of Home Builders," organized at Juneau by Mrs. Willard on April 29, 1893. This was originally composed of three of the older girls at the Home and the three young men to whom they were engaged, but from time to time other married and unmarried young people have joined. Meetings are held once a month during the summer and twice a month during the winter. The first part is devoted to talk and informal discussions of such subjects as "The Care of the Home," "Hygiene in the Home," "Care of Children," "Duty to Neighbors," etc., after which a social time follows. It is very necessary to provide these young people with innocent recreations to take the place of the amusements which the new life which they accept forces them to resign, to help them to make the individual home more attractive in its quiet dignity than was the large, one-roomed communistic home to which they were accustomed.

The motto of the society is, "For God and Home and Native Land!" while the pledge signed by each member reads:

1. If we ever marry we will marry by the laws of the United States, and not by the native custom of pay or presents.

2. We will not give, or help others to give, any of the old-fashioned feasts.

3. We (each married couple) will have a house to ourselves, which we will work together to pay for, and to make better from year to year.

4. We will (as husband and wife) be owners together of all our property during our married life, and will sell or give it away only when we both are willing. At the husband's death it shall belong to the wife, or, if the wife shall die first, it shall belong to the husband.

5. We will try to make a true *home*, in which we will worship God and live as He directs.

6. We will keep ourselves clean, with God's help, clean in our thoughts and in our words; in our bodies and in our clothing; in our houses and in our yards.

7. We will not swear.

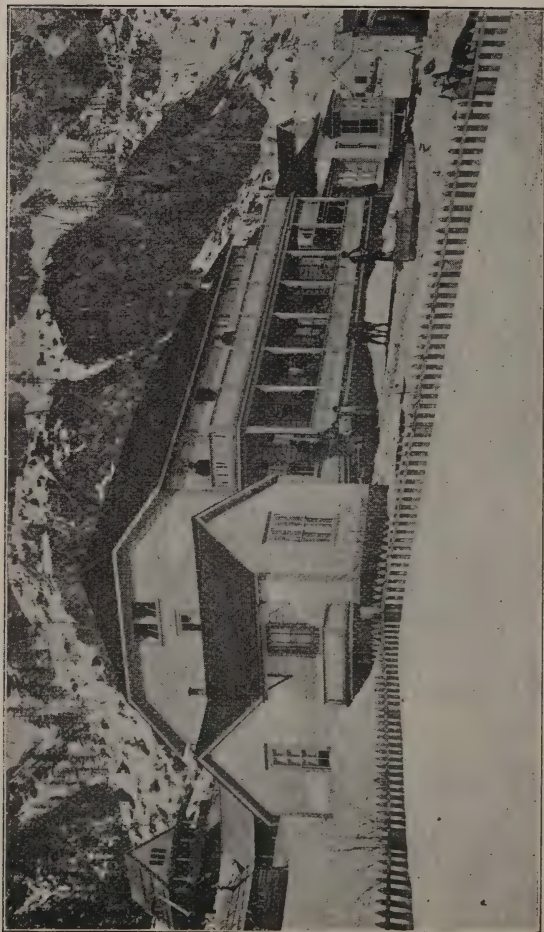
8. We will not use tobacco in any way.

9. We will not taste or handle liquor of any kind.

10. We will not make, or help others to make, any bargains between men and women which are against the law of God.

Only an Alaskan can fully understand what a complete change in their mode of living the keeping of this pledge means; what a cutting-off from old customs, from friends and family it necessitates.

Funds are needed, given generously and freely, that the workers in the Home at Juneau now provided with a good building may continue to carry on the work to advantage, and that, while there is room for them within, it shall not be necessary to



LUNEBURG MISSION BETHLEHEM

send away any of the hungry little souls craving admittance.

“ But the young, young children, O! my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.”

MRS. DARWIN R. JAMES, President.
MRS. FREDERICK H. PIERSON, Cor. Secretary.
MISS ELIZABETH M. WISHARD,
Young People's Secretary.
MRS. D. E. FINKS, Editorial Secretary.
MISS S. F. LINCOLN, Treasurer.

Box L, Station O, 154 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

1895

Frederick L. Moore

**A Native Alaskan
Missionary**

**Published by the Woman's
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156 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

FREDERICK L. MOORE

A Native Alaskan Missionary.

The death of Frederick L. Moore, our native missionary at Douglas Island, Alaska, and interpreter for Rev. L. F. Jones, at Juneau, will be a personal loss to the young people interested in his work, by whom his letters have been eagerly read for a number of years. Although fighting disease, he was full of courage and unremitting in his work for his own people. The mail bearing news of his death, October 4th, brought also a sketch of his life, written by himself September 30th, for the young people who have paid his salary. Accompanying the sketch was a personal letter with this appeal: "Every day I am just praying my God for His blessings upon my work at Douglas Island and Juneau, that I may bring to him some poor lost souls. Remember me in your prayers, that He may yet spare my life and bless my work this coming year." The following is his story:

"My father died when I was nine years of age. I was with my uncle Kolkada two years and a half, and all these years I was under hard master. Every morning in the winter when I got up from my bed my uncle would

put me in salt water and tell me to sit in water until he calls me. After he calls me, before I feel little warm, he would tell me to go after wood. He never gave me anything clothing or shoes to wear. After I come from cutting wood my uncle would say to me, 'Kahusunk, I want you to be a strong man, that is why I put you in the water every day. All of your uncles killed by Wrangel people, and if you are strong man you will kill the Wrangel people.' But the Lord was leading me, and after two years and a half training by my uncle we came to Sitka in winter time. My uncle was out hunting, and I was staying with his wife. She sent me out for fishing and when I came home she did not give me no food. I made up my mind to run away before he returns from hunting. The Rev. A. E. Austin and Rev. Sheldon Jackson has just opened a training-school at Sitka for the native boys, so that evening I did run away to the school, some native boy interpreting my story to Mr. Austin. This was in 1880. After I had been in school two or three years the Spirit of the Lord came into my heart and at midnight I got up from my bed and came down to Mr. Austin. I told him I want him to pray with me for I want to find Jesus. He said to me, 'Do you want the Jesus who died for your sins and want him for your teacher in your life, and will you promise that you will work

for him among your poor people, that they too may come to Him to be saved from their sins?' I promised that I shall work for Him. After he prayed with me I was so happy to find my dear Master, Jesus Christ. Two years after this the Lord opened my way to get my education, so that I may fit myself to do his work among my dear people. Mother Mrs. Austin told me she had good news for me if I be willing to go; that God had given me friends in Georgetown, D. C., and they want me to come East to get my education. This was in the fall of 1886. I left my school without hesitation, for I knew the Lord had answered my prayers. I came with Dr. Sheldon Jackson to Georgetown, and from there I was sent to D. L. Moody's Bible School at Mt. Hermon, Mass. After I was there under best teachers of Bible for three years I returned to Alaska to do my Master's work among my dear people, and it is the same work that I am still holding at Douglas Island, and with Brother Jones on Juneau side, and shall continually till God shall call me up to my heavenly home. Pray that God may bless my work this coming year.

"Yours in His work,
"FREDERICK L. MOORE."

Dr. Sheldon Jackson adds to the above: "In this account of himself, Fred. Moore has evi-

dently forgotten some of the incidents which, while perhaps not making a very serious impression upon his boyish mind, made at the same time a lasting impression upon my own.

“As a boy he accompanied his uncle out fishing for halibut; and seeing the other boys in school, and desiring to go there himself, he frequently begged of his uncle to place him in the school. His services, however, were so valuable to the uncle as a fisherman that the oft-repeated request was denied. Upon one occasion, when far from land, the boy renewed his earnest entreaties to the uncle to allow him to go to school. The uncle, losing his patience, picked up the boy, threw him out of the canoe into the water and, with an oath, told him to go to school. I do not know that he intended to drown him, but probably, thinking they were too far from land for the boy to swim to the shore, he intended to frighten him and then pull him back into the canoe, with the hope that he would no longer tease to go to school. The little boy, however, struck out for land, which, after a long interval in the water, he reached so weak that when the surf threw him on shore it drew him back again into the sea, until a wave higher than the others lifted him so far up the beach that, clinching his hands into the sand, he was able to hold on. Crawling up the beach beyond the reach of the waves, and being too much ex-

hausted to get up and walk, he lay for a long time on the sand until he gathered strength to reach the school, where he was received and cared for.

“Among the other regulations of the school was one that at a certain time the bugle blew to notify the children to go to bed. A few minutes later a second blast of the bugle was a notification for every child to be in bed and the lights put out. One of the teachers then usually made a tour of the dormitories to see that everyone was properly in bed. One night, some months afterward, as Mr. Austin entered one of the boys’ dormitories, he heard the sound of talking. Striking a match he saw a group of boys in the far corner of the room on their knees. Among them was Fred, who was leading the others in prayer and entreating that God would have mercy on them and wash their sins away in the blood of Christ. Probably this was the same night in which he got up at midnight and sought help from Mr. Austin. The next day a place was provided where the boys could hold their daily prayer-meeting. The revival extended from the boys’ department to the girls’, and they also were provided with a place for meeting. From the school the work extended to the native village, and many of the parents were brought to Christ through the efforts of their children. After some months of instruction the converts

were organized into a church by Mr. Austin and myself. There were about sixty of them arranged in parallel rows across the school-room in front of the desk. In the center of the front row stood Fred. Moore, with his uncle on one side and his aunt on the other. Thus commenced his lifework for Christ with the leading of his own household to the Saviour, and later on many others through that large section of country were also added to the kingdom as fruit of his zeal. Whether in his own particular field of labor, or off on a vacation, or traveling from one field to another, wherever he found a group of natives he failed not to preach to them as he had opportunity. He will be greatly missed in our work in Alaska."

This Alaska missionary was truly a product of Presbyterian Home Missions. After reading the story, can any one ask, "Is it worth while?"

THE
FIRST MISSIONARY
IN ALASKA

... A SKETCH ...

By Mrs. JOHN G. BRADY



Mrs. A. R. McFARLAND

The Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian
Church in the United States of America, 156 Fifth Avenue,
New York City : : : : : : : : :

WHEN Alaska was acquired by the United States there was not, nor had there ever been, one Protestant missionary within that great territory. Years passed and still no American Christian Church had responded to Alaska's mute appeal. Then came the first missionary, a Presbyterian woman, Mrs. A. R. McFarland. Moved by the story of great need which Dr. Sheldon Jackson told, with dauntless courage she became the pioneer for souls among the natives. Having been a missionary in other fields she knew how to address herself to her great task—a task greater than most of us can understand. The thrill of her effort ran through the Church. There was gradually established a chain of Presbyterian mission schools along the coast and islands of Southeastern Alaska, under the care of the Woman's Board of Home Missions. —MRS. D. E. FINKS, in *Home Mission Monthly*.

The First Missionary in Alaska

Mrs. A. R. McFARLAND

By Mrs. JOHN G. BRADY

A VERY important person in the history of missions in Alaska is Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who undertook missionary work in Fort Wrangell, Alaska, in August, 1877.

Mrs. McFarland was born in Virginia and attended an excellent school in Steubenville, Ohio. Upon her marriage she accompanied her husband to Illinois, where they spent ten years in home mission work. In 1867 they were sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico. They were the first Presbyterian missionaries to that territory, where they labored for seven years. Mrs. McFarland, who is now almost eighty years of age, in a recent letter gave the following:

“My husband’s health failed and we were compelled to leave New Mexico. We went to California, where we remained for two years. My husband seemed somewhat better and was so anxious to be at work for the Master that he wrote to the Board to send us to some place where we might be needed. We were sent to Idaho to work among the Nez Perces Indians. Hard work and a severe climate again laid Mr. McFarland aside, and in May, 1876, I was called upon to lay my beloved husband in the grave. I remained in Idaho for six months, but found the loneliness so unendurable that I resigned and went down to Portland, Ore., where I heard of the great need of workers in Alaska. I soon offered myself for service and was sent there. I found so much to be done that I had

no time to think of my loneliness and desolation. I remained there for twenty years and endured many hardships and privations, but I have never for one moment regretted going, and it was a great grief to me when my health failed and I was obliged to leave the people to whom I was so much attached."

Bear in mind that Alaska, when Mrs. McFarland went there, was without any authority except that vested in a collector of customs and a few deputies. The army had been withdrawn, but the vice and disease brought to the natives by camp followers remained; added to this there were the terrible evils resulting from superstition and witchcraft. To make matters worse, there was a large winter population of miners in the village of Fort Wrangell, which lies near the mouth of the Stickeen River. Situated at the meeting of ocean and river navigation, the village was at the time a rendezvous for miners from the Cassiar gold mines in British territory.

For years the cry for a missionary teacher had gone forth from Alaska. This appeal remained unanswered until 1876, when Philip MacKay, a Christian native from the Canadian Methodist Mission at Fort Simpson, came to Fort Wrangell to cut wood. Seeing the degradation of the natives he remained to teach them the "Way of Life."

When Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. MacFarland arrived in Fort Wrangell they found Philip, though in feeble health, teaching a day school and conducting services on the Sabbath. He was greatly rejoiced at the coming of a missionary and promised to assist her in every possible way, and did so faithfully the few remaining months of his life, for before the new year he had gone to his reward. As a result of this

man's earnest work some of the natives had decided to try the "new life" of which they had heard. It is not difficult for us to realize how necessary it was to have a strong leader to keep up their determination, when old customs drew them back.

Taking this outpost, where God in His providence had begun a work, Mrs. McFarland took up her duties with great earnestness. Possessed of unusual courage, good judgment, a fine constitution, a strong missionary spirit and the training of a wonderful experience in an eventful life on the frontier, she was able to assume responsibilities and overcome difficulties that would have appalled most people.

All the perplexities—political, religious, physical and moral—of the native population were brought to her for solution. If any were sick she became the physician and nurse. When any died, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated she helped them to settle their difficulties. In troubles about property she was the judge, lawyer and jury; feuds among the clans were reconciled by her and sometimes at the risk of her own life she prevented the torture of those accused of being witches.

Mrs. McFarland's first work was in the schoolroom, the building used being a dance hall, which she knew would be demanded of her when the miners came for the winter. Her equipment consisted of four Bibles, four hymn books, three primers, thirteen first readers and one wall chart; for helpers a native assistant, who spoke Chinook and Tshimpsean, and an interpreter who spoke Chinook, Thlinget and English, the latter with a very limited understanding, and pupils who knew little or no English.

Communication with the outside world was by a steamer and but once a month. Dr. Jackson, leaving Mrs. McFarland at Fort Wrangell, went to the States by the return steamer, with the news that missionary work in Alaska was fairly begun by this brave missionary without book, schoolhouse or money; with a few converted but morally uninstructed natives, and a great many heathen about her. This report awakened the Church to a sense of its responsibility.

Very soon Mrs. McFarland opened at her own rooms a sewing school for girls and women, which afforded her an opportunity to give much needed instruction along various lines. In the spring she added a second school some distance up the beach for natives who were too timid to enter the town. These soon asked for a Sunday service and Mrs. McFarland conducted it.

With time and strength fully taken her heart was often saddened by the inability to embrace opportunities to carry the "good news" to other villages whose chiefs came begging that a teacher be sent to tell them of Jesus, "before they all went down, down into the dark."

A Hydah man, who was dying from hemorrhage, sent for her to come and pray. He had heard, he said, of Jesus Christ, and believed in him.

On the night before Christmas, to her intense delight, about sixty of her natives came to her house and, marching around it, sang, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." The leader of this procession carried a British ensign and it is almost needless to say that friends in the East soon sent the Stars and Stripes for similar occasions, and for the use of the school.

To secure the sanction of popular opinion to the appointment of policemen, who, in a land

without law, order or government, could have some show of authority, it devolved upon Mrs. McFarland to preside at a constitutional convention and to draw up rules which were assented to by all the natives present save one, who was undoubtedly instigated by bad white men to tell her that she was sent there to teach school, not to make laws. The following is the interpretation of a speech made by one of the natives on this occasion: "A school has been established here, which, notwithstanding opposition by bad white men and Indians, has done a good and great work among us. If you don't want to come to our church don't laugh and make fun of us because we sing and pray. Many of you have Indian women living with you. I ask you to send them to school and church, where they will learn to become good women. Don't let them go to the dance houses, for there they will learn to be bad and to drink whiskey."

Mrs. McFarland felt from the very beginning of her work in Alaska the great need of a "Home" into which she could gather such girls as were in danger of being sold, and train them up to be the future Christian teachers, wives and mothers of their people. For a few blankets a bright young girl could be purchased for a week, a month or for years. She found that her brightest and most promising pupils were those who were in greatest danger. Again and again she had to interpose to save her school-girls from lives of sin. She early made a demand upon the Church to grant her a "Home," and never ceased pressing it until the boon was granted. Letters were received from various sections expressing great interest in this work, but no funds were forthcoming. However, the "Home" had to be started. Katy, a girl who

had attended the school from its beginning, was to be taken up the river by her mother and sold to a miner, but the girl ran away from home and hid in the woods until her mother left, and then she came to Mrs. McFarland for protection. Three other girls at once claimed the shelter which their schoolmate had found. Without means the "Home" was started in temporary quarters, and an appeal was made to the Church to provide permanent buildings. This appeal was successful and contributions flowed in.

Mrs. McFarland wrote to Dr. Jackson: "There has been a song in my heart ever since the mail arrived, with the news of the noble response to the call for funds to build the 'Home.' I felt sure if we trusted Him, God would in his own good time send us the help we so much needed."*

Both Fanny Willard and Tillie Paul, who later did such wonderful work for their people, found a refuge in this home and a mother in Mrs. McFarland.

*After some years it was deemed advisable to transfer the "Girls' Home" to Sitka, thus making it a part of what is now the Sheldon Jackson School. In this institution both boys and girls are trained in Christian civilization, and go back to their people as leaders.

*The
Alaskan
of
To-day*

Woman's Board of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Prophecy

Extract from *THE VERSTOVIAN*, April 1917, in regard to the graduating class of the Sheldon Jackson School:

“**W**E feel certain that their communities are going to take note of these bright, progressive young people, and we dare hope that some of the problems of the several villages are going to be met by these young people whose training is unique in that industrial proficiency and strength of character have figured in their record as well as the completion of the requirements of an elementary school.”

The Prophecy Fulfilled

A USEFUL CITIZEN

IN times such as these through which we are now passing, able men with public spirit are everywhere stepping to the front to solve the problems of the nation, and this is true of Alaska. Here, too, men who have had the advantage of education, in whom ideals of progress have been fostered, are enthusiastically working for the betterment of the community in which they live. For us more than this is true: In all the native villages of Southeastern Alaska the men who are now taking the lead in public affairs were, for the most part, former pupils of the Sheldon Jackson School. One of these, Andrew Davis, even while a pupil in school a year ago, thought and wrote of what might be done for his native village. His commencement essay on "The Need of Organization in the Villages of Southeastern Alaska" pictures the conditions in native villages and shows that even as a school boy he felt that the only solution of the many problems confronting native village life was political organization.

The Need of Organization in the Villages of Southeastern Alaska

THE native villages of Southeastern Alaska stand in need of political organization. The inhabitants of native communities are not controlled by a system of laws, and as a consequence undesirable conditions have arisen. As an illustration, a man may build



OLD COMMUNITY HOUSES

a house near somebody else in such a way as to cause crowding. There is no law in some of the villages to prevent this. Through crowding and lack of arrangement, families often haven't a place to build a woodshed. Because of this they chop or saw wood right in front of their homes and make piles of chips and litter.

Again, there are no rules governing sanitation. Scraps from tables are thrown out the front door without thought as to the filth that results. Dogs are permitted with no restraint as to numbers. They carry bones and partially decayed meat from place to place. This makes it impossible for the people to keep their villages neat and clean and healthful.

Formerly native chiefs ruled their respective communities although, even at best, the power of a chief was insufficient. Chiefs governed towns but they did not have the right to keep out strangers or to make them follow their laws. A chief did not have the right to go into another clan's matters. He could only govern the people of his own clan; although the chiefs in villages tried to work together on matters of common interest, nothing resulted but talking.

The old customs of natives are kept up by chiefs as far as possible. These customs give the chief many advantages and he naturally does not want to lose them. Usage in regard to property affords an illustra-



A NEW VILLAGE

tion. If a married man dies and he happens to be a relative of the chief, the chief often gets the dead man's property, the widow being left with no means of support. Moreover, the widow pays the chief money for conducting her husband's funeral. Sometimes the chief does not spend all of the money given him for this purpose but keeps part of it.

Now that even the unsatisfactory control which the chief had is gone, it is evident that something must be done. The remedy lies in organization similar to that used in white communities. The following system of government has been suggested: A council of twelve men shall be elected which shall have the power to make rules for regulating their proceedings. A mayor, a secretary, a treasurer, and a municipal magistrate shall be elected by the people. The officers shall serve without pay. The organized village shall not embrace more than six hundred and forty acres. Any one who comes inside this district shall come in as a member of the organization and shall be compelled to live according to the laws passed by the council.

With an organization like the foregoing, regulations could be enforced requiring a man to build his dwelling according to a definite plan. Rules governing sanitation also could be put into operation. Not only would these advantages be secured, but personal troubles and property difficulties which now are a source of much disputation, could be easily settled. Further benefits would come from organization; for improvement, such as water supply, fire protection and light could be easily provided. The public health and relief of destitutes also could be looked after.

Doing away with chiefs and putting a group of men elected by the people in their place would cause everyone in a village to take a personal interest in building up his community. Old customs and abuses would be done away with and the coming generation would be able to look into the future with a new hope.

“New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers’ days were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.”

Andrew has been out of school just a year and yet the public activities in which he has been engaged in that time not only make an interesting story, but bear witness to the thoroughness of his training in the Sheldon Jackson School and to his ability to assume any responsibility placed upon him. An account of them is printed in the “Juneau Daily Empire,” under the headline: “New Council of Natives at Angoon.”

“The Natives of Southeastern Alaska are making remarkable development socially, industrially, and in morality. As time goes it was but yesterday that they were recognized as the most implacable foe towards all whites and practiced witchcraft and held slaves and were bound by rigid tribal relations. In no other part of Alaska have the Indians been so warlike and more bitterly opposed to the encroachments of white men. Today it is difficult to find a Native who cannot read or write and speak English. Not a few of them are well educated and own property. Most of the villages now have self-government, and local societies for self-improvement. The Natives have subscribed liberally toward the Red Cross and war measures. The latest place to come under the self-governing plan is Angoon.

“The Native residents of the city of Angoon, near Killisnoo, recently, acting under the Territorial law, organized self-government for their village and are now governed by their mayor, city council, city police force and city magistrate. Taxes are levied and collected and the city treasury has a substantial balance on hand, while several ordinances were passed and are being lived up to. The Natives assembled all agreed to taboo the subject of witchcraft. Believing that the white

men are right, and that witchcraft is bad medicine, the Natives have all agreed not to mention the subject publicly, privately, or in any other way and especially to keep any of the teachings and beliefs away from the younger generation. City councilmen elected consist of Andrew Davis..... Andrew Davis was elected secretary..... The first business before the newly elected body was a tax ordinance on real and personal property. After the passage of the ordinance, all the residents of the village came forward and paid their taxes without further notice, netting a considerable sum for the city treasury."

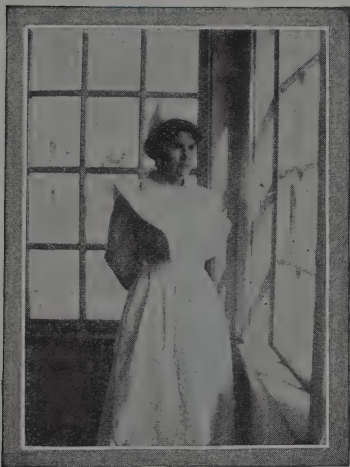
A few months ago a letter came from Andrew in which he says in part:

"The people of Angoon are all in earnest in what they are trying to advocate. They elected their officers and councilmen and have already passed a few ordinances and enforced them. Our policeman arrested one man yesterday for mistreating his wife and also for violating city ordinance number three, and so we had our first trial. We fined the prisoner a sum of \$25.00—he *paid*.

"At Killisnoo we have a Red Cross society, and of this society I was elected secretary and publicity agent. We have a little over a hundred members, including those that are at Angoon."

Alaska needs men like Andrew Davis, men who are forces for good wherever they are, who have the highest ideals of community betterment and who are prepared to be leaders in their communities. It is such men as these that the Sheldon Jackson School, through Christian education, is preparing for Christian service with all that it means.—*A. K. Ludy*

CITIZEN AND NURSE



JOSEPHINE SCOTT—The First Native Alaskan
Woman to Qualify for Citizenship

NOT long ago there appeared in "THE VERSTOVIAN," the little publication of the Sheldon Jackson School, the following news item:

"Miss Josephine Scott, who was graduated from the Sheldon Jackson School in the class of nineteen seventeen, has made a formal application for citizenship and was duly examined on March twenty-eighth as to her general qualifications as to an intelligent exercise of the obligation of suffrage, her total abandonment of tribal customs and relation-

ships, and the facts regarding her adoption of the habits of civilized life. She was declared by her examiner to be properly qualified to exercise intelligently the obligations of an elector in the Territory of Alaska. We congratulate Miss Scott on the step she has taken in assuming the responsibilities of United States citizenship."

The article does not state that Josephine Scott is the first native woman in Alaska to qualify for citizenship, but such is the case, nor does it state that the ideal of citizenship is an ideal of the Sheldon Jackson School, but this too is true, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that even a girl should wish to attain it. The ideal

of citizenship in the Sheldon Jackson School is somewhat unique, for its emphasis is not on the enjoyment of the freedom and privileges that citizenship will give, but on the responsibilities that it will bring and the opportunities for service that it will offer. Josephine Scott's graduation essay is the only proof needed for this statement. With the dream in her heart of how she might best serve her own people, she wrote: "Why An Alaskan Girl Should Become a Nurse."

Why An Alaskan Girl Should Become A Nurse

SOME one has said, 'That man is best educated who can do things most useful to humanity.' This saying can apply to the Alaskan girl. The time has come when the Alaskan girl can take special work outside of her home. It used to be that she found most of the time taken up in the home. Here she was busy helping to obtain and prepare food and clothing. Now with the changes in the way of living, the girl spends less time in this kind of work and has more time for learning other things.

The girls and women have found their way into canneries, some have become teachers, some housekeepers in other people's homes, a few have been dressmakers, and still fewer have taken some training in nursing. Nurses are much needed. They are needed because they can help people to take care of the sick, especially are they needed where there is no doctor in town. They are needed because some of the old people do not understand English and they can explain to them what should be done.

Her patience and her forbearance should make the Alaskan girl an excellent trained nurse. When she leaves the class room, she still possesses in the fullest degree that greatest inheritance of her race, patience. The sight of blood and suffering does not throw the Alaskan girl into hysterics, not because there is any inborn cruelty in her nature, but because her nerves are always under control. She never complains, and under all circumstances she is tender, painstaking and patient.

At the Lake Mohonk Conference, Dr. Lawrence W. White gave an address entitled, 'The Indian No Longer a Vanishing Race.' In this address, he told how Commissioner Sells had begun three years ago,

a campaign to better the sanitary conditions in the homes. Dr. White gave figures to prove that the health campaign of the past three years had proved of far more value than had been expected. If this be true in the States, why could it not be true in Alaska?

The nurse could go to the homes and stay to help the sick as long as she is able, or longer than the doctor could stay. Of course, if there is a doctor he should prescribe the medicine which would be given by the nurse. She could teach some of the simple things that we have learned in class, such as how to make the bed comfortable, fresh and clean; how to give a bath to a patient in bed; how to draw the window shades and to place the patient in a position not facing the light. Another thing is to show how to use what is at hand. For instance, when there is no hot-water bottle, a hot iron or a hot brick may be used. One of the most important things would be to show how simple nourishing foods, such as rice water, toast, gruel, beef juice and other things should be prepared. Most important of all would be to teach those who are caring for the sick to follow the doctor's directions carefully.

In such work as nursing, one is given an opportunity of sharing the burdens of life, and helping those who are very much in need of assistance. A nurse should get the true spirit of helpfulness from the One who walked among men to draw them to Himself."

And the dream came true, for Josephine Scott is now taking the course in nursing at the Government Hospital at Juneau in order that she may be "given an opportunity of sharing the burdens of life . . .", and may learn "the true spirit of helpfulness from the One who walked among men to draw them to Himself."

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Service Pin Series

A Consecrated Talent

Esther Gibson

*Twenty-eight Years a Missionary on the
Alaskan Field*



Woman's Board of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Consecrated Talent



ESTHER GIBSON

ONE Sunday morning in 1887, Miss Esther Gibson heard Miss Minnie J. Whitaker speak in a Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, N. Y., and was so impressed by her appeal in behalf of the Pima and Papago Indians that in leaving the church she told the speaker of her interest in all that she had said and at the same time expressed her feeling that she could never do such

a work herself. Miss Whitaker replied, "You are the very one I am looking for," and the outcome was that Miss Gibson was sent by the Board of Home Missions to Tucson, Arizona, when that school was started. With Miss Whitaker and Mr. Charles E. Walker, she visited the Indian reservation and helped gather in the first children for Tucson School. Her name has so long been associated with our Alaska work that many may fail to realize the fine service she rendered the Pima and Papago Indians at Tucson from 1887 to 1891. At that mission she came to feel the need of knowing

how to care for the sick and left to enter a training school for nurses in Buffalo. Four days after graduation in 1893, she started for Alaska, where she took charge of the small hospital for natives at the school of the Woman's Board, then known as Sitka Training School, now Sheldon Jackson School.

Many know of her devotion to the natives of Alaska from 1893 to 1920. Her babies, now many of them grown, have been her special joy, and their fine start in life they accredit to the dear nurse who taught their mothers hygiene, cleanliness, virtue, and many, many lessons linked with the story of Christ's love.

Miss Gibson's keen sense of humor carried her over many a trying experience on the mission field and gave her the rare ability of laughing over situations which would make most women want to weep. Her clear, ringing, joyous laugh was always good to hear.

The extreme modesty and self-depreciation of her talents is most irritating to those who know her best and appreciate her marvelous devotion and marked ability. If Miss Gibson has a fault it is this extreme modesty.

She had a happy faculty of throwing responsibility on the Alaska women and thus developing them. This was interestingly revealed to one who

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attended a missionary meeting of the native women in Sitka. All the officers were Alaskans, and were most competent in conducting the society; the topic of the day was Africa and it was adequately and attractively presented. Miss Gibson was the one who had helped these women, in fact had taught them all the detail of conducting a missionary society. Towards the close of the meeting, all knelt and sought the heavenly Father's guidance and blessing on missionary workers everywhere; and the visitor had a fresh vision of the expansive force of Home Missions. Miss Gibson had taught these women how to pray.

During her long stay in Alaska, Miss Gibson was for a time in other places than Sitka, but always her service was the same loving, self-effacing, self-sacrificing care of the sick. The illness of a sister caused her return to the States in 1920. Was she happy in the work? Miss Gibson says: "So much so that I would go back if I could and be willing to die there, caring for the people of Alaska whom I so love."

Reprinted from the Home Mission Monthly

The Service Pin is granted by the Woman's Board of Home Missions for twenty-five years or more on the Mission Field.

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian
Church, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Our Northernmost

 Possessions



BY JESSIE W. RADCLIFFE.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Board of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. It also contains a department for young people. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to Miss S. F. LINCOLN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Our Northernmost Possessions.

BY JESSIE W. RADCLIFFE.

It was in 1867 that Secretary Seward recommended the purchase of Alaska from Russia. Every sort of absurd name was suggested for it, among others, Seward's Folly. Fortunately, its original native name, Al-ev-ek-sa or Alaska, was retained and its significance. "The Great Land," is but beginning to be appreciated. This great land is as large as all the New England and Middle States, with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky and Tennessee combined; as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Georgia and the Carolinas, or nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. It will help us to think of this great country in three divisions, like ancient Gaul, southeastern or Sit-kan Alaska, where the greater part of the English speaking natives live, and through whose numerous islands only, does the tourist sail; Western or Aleutian Alaska, which includes the Seal Islands of which we hear so much, and Arctic Alaska.

The coast line, singularly indented, is twice as long as that of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard combined; nearly equal to the circumference of the earth, while, stretching as it does to the northwest toward Siberia, the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands is as far west of San Francisco as that city is west of Cape Cod.

Its greatest river, the Yukon, is as long as the Amazon; its mountains tower above Pike's Peak, Mt. St. Elias being the highest peak on the continent, and include many active and extinct volcanoes.

Like England, Alaska is rescued from the desolation of the northland by a gulf stream, called the Japan current, which sweeping over from the warm islands of

Asia, blesses the land. The mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as that of Georgia, while in summer it is the same as that of Detroit.

Arctic Alaska has, of course, intense cold. The staple products of this land are not as was so often said in derision at the time of the purchase, "polar bears and icebergs," but furs, gold, silver, marble, coal, copper, rivers full of salmon, promising a commercial future of magnitude.

It is a singular fact that the Greek Church has left so little impression after one hundred years of supremacy. It is a curious fact too, that in 1793; when Catharine, Empress of Russia, commanded her missionaries to go to Alaska to instruct the natives in religion she also ordered convicts shipped from Siberia to teach them agriculture.

The outrages of these unscrupulous men and the traders who preceded them, are unspeakable. In ten years the number of natives was reduced one-half; their lives were valued no more than those of dogs, and spirit and life were nearly stamped out of the remainder. The Russian proverb that "Heaven is high and the Czar distant," was the encouragement of these horrors.

The Greek priests could not stem the tide—few of them tried. There are some noble exceptions, one, Bishop Veniaminoff, filled with real missionary fervor, did great things for the natives, until, his ability making him conspicuous, he was called back to Russia to be made Metropolitan of Moscow.

The priests multiplied schools, in most of which, however, little but the rites of the Greek church and the Russian language were taught, and in which the white and half-breed children made up the list, the Indian attendance not being encouraged. Fins, Swedes and Germans being largely employed by the fur companies, in 1845 a Lutheran missionary was sent to them by Russia, but he did not teach the natives.

When, in 1867, the flag of Russia was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes floated instead, the Russian schools and churches were for the most part closed, the Russians and other Europeans returned to Europe, leaving a people corrupted and degraded by their influence.

The Lutheran preacher departed with his flock, a few United States soldiers were placed in former Russian

forts, new sets of equally vicious traders began their work, the newspapers exhausted themselves in sarcasm and condemnation of the new territory, the Church of Christ everywhere forgot that Alaska was part of "the whole world" covered by the divine commission, and the Great Land was left in darkness, without law, government, teachers, preachers, schools or charities.

No one thinks to-day of asking if the annexation were a good thing for the United States.

Financially it was a Yankee bargain. The capital invested—\$7,200,000—has all been paid back in annual dividends which are increasing every year, and the United States Treasury itself has drawn usurious interest from its investment.

Politically and strategically, its purchase was a stroke of sagacious statesmanship.

Had this not been conceded before, the facts of the Behring Sea controversy, with its Arbitration Committees, composed of some of the best minds of England and America, would prove the importance of that one corner of Alaska in the eyes of governments.

The question from the Christian standpoint is, Has the annexation been a good thing for Alaska? It would seem that a land which became ours by voluntary purchase, brought to the nation a peculiar responsibility; yet the half light of Russian rule was better than the total darkness which followed.

For seventeen years Congress neglected to provide any form of civil government, checking all progress and healthy development.

It was the prodigious growth of the Northwest, tales of gold discovery in Alaska, and last but not least, the work of our own noble missionaries, which indicated the wisdom of Seward and eventually shamed the United States into an attempted assumption of its duty.

The present geographical and scientific knowledge of Alaska has been largely gained through the pioneer church, as is so often the case.

Those who know whereof they speak tell us that a revolution in Northern Alaska would be far more justifiable than that of '76, for our wrongs were a trifle compared to theirs. The work of the bloodthirsty Spaniard in Mexico and Peru is being enacted to-day in Alaska by Americans. Were these Eskimos not what they

are, a nation of children, they would have rebelled 'ere this at the rapacity of American commerce, taking everything from them and leaving nothing but what is deplorable.

Is it not a tragic fact that abused and demoralized natives, refuse and spurn the cup of salvation, because it is offered by white hands?

It is only by persistent Christian and educational work, the government and the church working hand in hand, that help may come, and these poor creatures learn that all white men are not bad men.

To-day, although the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by government, traders come in schooners fitted out in San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands with cargoes of whiskey labeled "Florida Water," "Bay Rum," "Pain Killer," or "Jamaica Ginger," to sell at exorbitant rates, to the natives, for furs, ivory and whalebone.

On one island, called St. Lawrence, after such a visit a few years ago, the whole summer was spent in idleness and drunkenness, instead of preparation for the winter, with the result that of the population of four hundred, every man, woman and child had frozen or starved to death before the winter was past. And this is but one of dozens of similar authenticated cases. If this seems incredible, I refer to government reports from which I gained the facts.

The first organized Christian work in Alaska was begun by an Alaskan.

Educated and brought to Christ in a Methodist Mission in British America, where he had gone for work, he returned some years later to Fort Wrangel, in Alaska, to cut wood, for, unlike our native Indians, the Alaskan is a willing laborer.

Wrangel, a military trading post, was a centre of immorality and ignorance. With few exceptions the white men were of the lowest type, had brought and taught vice of all kinds, introduced liquor and led the Indians in diabolical orgies and inhumanities.

Philip, for so was the Indian called, an apostle chosen of God to his kindred, turned an old dance-room into a schoolroom and preaching place. We learn how the commandant of the Fort protected him; how the few decent whites, too timid or indifferent to have started

such work themselves, rallied around him, how discouraging for a long time were the fruitless efforts of all, including the Christian wives of some Army officers, to interest, to the the extent of practical aid, the people "down below,"

Inseparable as the name of Carey with India, or Eliot and Brainard with the Indian in the East, is the name of Sheldon Jackson with Alaska. Sent by the church to investigate the needs, and to return before navigation closed, he felt he could not take the hungry souls up there nothing but promises; he must take with him and leave some one ready for instant self-sacrifice.

That one was a woman, Mrs A. R. McFarland, she went on five days' notice, having been trained to conquer emergencies in twenty years' missionary labor, and already consecrated to her work by bereavement and sorrow. She consented cheerfully to remain alone on the Alaskan coast, the one missionary in Alaska, the sole representative of the 30,000,000 Protestants of the United States.

These two arrived at Wrangel in time to take the work from the dying hands of the Indian Philip. Then Dr. Jackson must return, and that brave woman, the only Christian white woman in the country, with an Indian woman as interpreter, with twenty-seven books, no school house, and the probability of a boat from below once a month, began Christ's work in Alaska.

The military force had been withdrawn, so she was left, with a few whites and a thousand Indians, in a place without law or order.

She became nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, practically mayor and administrator generally, for all came to her, and burdened almost beyond endurance she kept writing for help, for a magistrate of some sort, or an ordained minister. Such a thing as a marriage ceremony was unknown, polygamy common, and domestic complications appalling. Tribes around began to hear of her and came for help. One old Indian of a distant tribe came and said; "Me much sick at heart, my people all dark heart, nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by, my people all die and go down—dark, dark!"

The young girls especially appealed to her care. It is thrilling to read how she fought to save them from

being sold by their parents to white scoundrels; how she rescued two girls from the horrors of the devil dance, how, finding them bound, naked, in the centre of fifty dancing, frantic fiends, who with yells cut them with knives and tore off pieces of their flesh, she rushed into the midst, and after hours of pleadings and threatening with the wrath of the United States, she took off the half-dead girls to her own house, only to have one of them recaptured and killed during the night.

Finally, aid came, through the strenuous effort of Dr. Jackson. The fearful year of lonely work was at an end, though the work was but begun. Mrs. McFarland has since done similar pioneer work further north, where she is still living.

The mission at Sitka was established this same year, and a growing interest and support has followed such heroic beginnings.

In 1885 a small appropriation was made to start a public school system for all, without reference to race. This, a comparatively simple matter where railway lines and stage roads lend their aid, was a tremendous undertaking in this large land, with no public conveyance save a monthly steamer in the southeast corner, the only means of transportation being by log or skin canoe, and necessitating tens of thousands of miles of such travel, the future schools to be from one hundred to one thousand miles apart, their teachers to receive mail thrice, twice, or once a year, as the case might be, the school to be English, though those to be taught knew no English (fancy our children taught through the medium of Chinese teachers and books and you have a parallel case). To plan all this required some one with knowledge of the ground and dialects and it was fitting that Dr. Sheldon Jackson should be made General Agent of Education in Alaska, and it is seen at once that few teachers, unless inspired with some motive higher than salary, would give themselves to such work.

Dr. Jackson's crowning work has been the establishment of a school and mission at Pt. Barrow, the extreme northern point of land in the United States, and within twenty-five miles of the northernmost point of Greenland. In twenty years over one hundred vessels have

been wrecked on this dangerous coast, casting ashore hundreds of men to find no subsistence.

This led the United States Government to establish a Refuge Station here, and now there clusters about it a village of thirty families, living in houses partly built under ground, the roofs supported by rafters of whale jaws and ribs.

The Government refused to assume the whole charge of a school here, though it would aid any missionary organization which would undertake it. To churches of all names did Dr. Jackson go, but all refused. Finally, through the noble gift of Mrs. Margaret Vanderbilt Shepard, this school was established in 1890 and placed under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

The first teacher left his wife and children in Ohio while he entered on a two years' exile, hearing from home but once or twice a year. Beginning with three pupils, he soon had forty, enthusiastic and ambitious to learn to "make the paper talk," and delighted when they had mastered the first word—r-a-t, rat—which, to his amusement, he found written all over the neighborhood with stick or finger, in frost and snow, in letters small and large.

Think what it is to those hungry minds to have occupation during the long Arctic night, which lasts from November to February.

The introduction of the domesticated reindeer of Siberia into Alaska is a project of Dr. Jackson's. The aim is to help the Eskimos in their dire extremity, brought about by the destruction of their native food products by the white man. This year is showing the first beneficent results of what was thought almost an absurdity, and laughed at by ignorant Congressmen and flippant newspaper editors, as being about equal to sending palm leaf fans to Africa, or red flannel petticoats to India.

It is a pleasant probability to contemplate that from this furthest point of Alaska the Gospel will eventually penetrate into Siberia. No establishment of missions is permitted by the Russian Government, but the Alaskans, who mingle with the Siberians and speak the same language, will carry the good news—a happy return of good for evil, as we remember the misery brought to

those shores by Catherine's loads of Russian convicts. We must pay a tribute to the self-denying work of the Moravians in Arctic Alaska—that noble church, which asks and takes the hardest work everywhere—and while we as a church have the right to be proud of our work in Alaska—the pioneer work and to-day the most extensive and successful—yet we must remember that workers of all names have followed in our footsteps, and are giving their lives, too, for the elevation of the Great Land.

When I was asked to prepare this paper on Alaska, one reason given was that I had "been there." This fact itself made me more timorous.

The conventional tourist trip of twelve days from Portland serves but to impress one with the lack of time and opportunity for study, be it of missions or glaciers. The mind is simply filled with a succession of marvelous panoramic pictures.

There float before me visions of terraces of green, snow-capped mountains piercing the sky; of far away shimmering cascades; of vast forests as impenetrable, as inscrutable as the face of the sphinx, and musical with unseen waterfalls; of enchanted islands, lovely and lonely enough to be the prison of some Indian Lady of Shallot; skies of azure, of amber, of palest greens, of reds so bold and gorgeous that the ice fields blush; of strange icebergs in every conceivable shape and size, like the work of some mighty Venetian glass-blower, white, green, every shade and tint of cerulean blue, all hurrying down past us, to melt away in the warm current as the few clouds of a summer day fade and disappear.

I see the glaciers, miles wide, standing like huge frozen sentinels at the mouths of frozen rivers whose extent no man knows, moving slowly, imperceptibly, in the majestic march of the ages, and seeming in thundering tones, as the icebergs drop from their great sides, to rebuke the chatter of the impertinent tourist who snaps his kodak at them.

Another thundering now, of man's device not nature's cannonade, as innumerable machines crush the mighty rocks to powder, at the gold mines on Douglass Island. Little yellow bubbles rise to the surface of hissing pans, and tell us that man's mind and cunning inge-

nuity can make the everlasting hills, themselves, pay tribute.

Pictures of strange little towns come to mind, nestling at the foot of precipitous mountains; of piers thronged with all sorts and conditions of men; of lines of Indian women in gay blankets, squatting on the ground selling fantastic baskets; horrid old witch-like faces, with the lip ring accentuating their ugliness; here a brown face of real sweetness, beaming with pride as the group of "fin de siecle" tourists pet her baby, and—yes, for this is so everywhere—snap their cameras in her face.

I see the group of tourists, themselves, from all parts of the Union; the English globe-trotters, one a woman of seventy, who walks more and sees more every time, than any one else; the numerous women making collections of souvenir spoons, losing all manner of characteristic sights as they rush to buy the silver spoon, made in New York or San Francisco. All these pervading the village like a new atmosphere, gazing up at the totem poles, the genealogical tree of the tribe or family.

I see the inquisitive Yankee, who pulls a slat off the column containing the ashes of the dead. I see the happy girl who buys a silver bangle "right off the woman's arm her own bracelet, you know; isn't it lovely?" and as soon as her back is turned another bangle is on the same arm, ready for the next purchaser. The typical New Yorker, on his return from a trip around the world, is talking Japanese, Chinese, French, German, Arabian, everything, at a hideous old woman whose lip ring he finally succeeds in buying.

The sharp whistle of the steamer wakes the echoes and warns us that hours have flown. The missionary bids us good-bye, for we find one or more of our own wherever we go, and we leave behind with him bundles of papers and books and magazines collected on the steamer.

There is the usual loud talking man on board, he who obtains his information on the "state of religion" and of missionary work from a lounge on the dock, who is only too glad to fill him up with lies or, what is worse and more dangerous, half truths. He will probably publish in the columns of some confiding paper or magazine what he learned from this source, tinctured with

rum and Romanism, under the title, "Missions a Failure, from Personal Observation."

There is excitement on board, for we leave behind us one of our firemen, arrested for selling whiskey to the Indians. We trust six months in jail will cure him of such abominable traffic.

And now comes a vision of beauty, as we near Sitka, its harbor and bay suggesting the famous bay of Naples.

Four men-of-war are lying at anchor, one having just brought in as prisoner a ship caught killing seal out of season. Every loyal American heart throbs at the sight of the flying stars and stripes, and the blue naval uniform and our Jack Tar, of whom the town is full. There is a strangely sophisticated group of women on the pier, who prove to be the wives of naval officers, who have followed their husbands here, and help to make, with the missionaries, a delightful little colony. Out of our two hundred passengers there are naturally some acquaintances, and unexpected and welcome meetings take place, and there are tears and homesick faces when we leave the next day.

We notice other uniforms, very plain and neat, and soon learn that the wearers are Indian boys from our school, detailed to escort all who wish over the town and out to the school.

We gladly follow a bright handsome boy through the neat streets, with the quaint low-roofed white houses, along the beach road, and we soon see the flag floating from the roof of the school.

The effort made to train these boys, not only into pure, good living and into Christian life and practice, but to make them intelligent, loyal American citizens, is most commendable.

What an object lesson, what an inspiration that visit becomes! There is no flaw to pick here. Through school rooms and dormitories, so clean and plain; through the shops where all manual occupations were taught (the boys even catch and salt down the fish for winter's use), through the little hospital we go, where are some dusky sufferers, and into the museum where are native curiosities of all kinds with relics of the devil worship and the awful reign of the shaman or medicine man.

As we learn of the pitiful lack of ordinary knowledge and care of the body among the natives, we wonder that with other drawbacks the race has survived at all, and are once more convinced that the healing of body and soul must go together. He who on earth hath made the lame to walk and the blind to see, who raised the dying and the dead, would have it so, and such work cannot fail of His blessing.

We see the modest little cottage homes, material for which are given to any Christian young couple starting in their new life. Each of these homes is a text, a sermon, and an application in itself to Alaskans, for hundreds of miles around.

No one present can ever forget that prayer meeting of native Christians. There were those who went from curiosity alone and to be entertained, but all who "went to scoff remained to pray."

As one after another, old and young, men and women and children, in quiet earnest tones, rose and talked to God with a child's unconsciousness, every eye filled, though we could understand but one name, which like a perfume was in all, Jesus, the name above all names.

All this was the best thing in Alaska, although there were good people on the "Queen," who were too busy buying curios to find it out. At the extreme other end of town is the Indian Ranche, where live the unchristianized natives—a noisy, dirty place, a speaking contrast and a painful one as we realized how this boarding school began, seven ambitious Alaskan boys coming to the day school and begging to be allowed to stay and sleep on the floor, for in the noise and rioting of the Ranche they could not study or keep good.

As we walked back to the village and saw the great extinct volcano towering up back of the dome of the Greek Church, and as, in the church, the one priest left showed us the "holy of holies," the gorgeous robes, all embroidered with gold and jewels, and the few art treasures left when Russia sold Alaska, there seemed a curious analogy between that dead mountain and that dead church with only relics in its heart. A warmth and glow filled us as we thought of "a green hill far away, without a city wall," whence emanated the Spirit, ever living, throbbing, working, of Christ himself, the

impetus to self-sacrifice, which has always sent and will always send men and women to the wilderness, to the distant islands of the sea, into literal hells on earth, if perchance, they may help to save the souls of men.

The long twilight suited our mood, for it was but twilight at midnight, and the next night, when we were further north, there was no real darkness, the sun sinking to rest but for an hour behind an illuminated cloud bank, then rising again. It suggested thoughts of that world where there shall be "no night, where there shall be no need of a candle, nor of the light of the sun, for the Lord God will give them light and they shall reign forever and ever."

Only the fringe of this great land of Alaska has been enlightened by the knowledge of Christ. Pray and help, that the Sun of Righteousness may arise, with healing in his wings.

1898.

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The Experience of Chilcat George



Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian
Church in the U. S. A., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE following is the religious experience of a Chilcat Indian as related by himself when coming as a candidate for membership of the little church at Juneau, Alaska. George had been a pupil in the mission school, shepherded by both Mr. and Mrs. Willard. His experience, as given below, was related with many tears and sobs that shook his large frame:

I think about this not two weeks, not three weeks, I thin about this long time. Three years ago my wife die. My soul cry, me too much dark, me fraid, me cry. My wife say "Take God George, He make you save." Long time I try. Lots 'a Injuns die, every day some die, sometimes two die one day. Just like it me. Outside the house it rain, it snow, big wind blow, my coat no warm. All'e same my soul freeze, no friend me, no fire, no blanket. I hear God's words, "Come inside, George, make you warm, make you full, make you happy." I say, "O God, me poor man, me got no money, me got no friends." God say to me, "I don't want money, I want it *you*, I your friend, come inside."

I go inside, I feel happy. No more big

wind, fire warm, plenty friend. I *full*, but I make big mistake, I full *me*, I no full of *God*. I got too big George, too big bad me. I warm, I full, I strong; I go outside, I fall down me, I awful bad me, I drunk, I shame, I wake up, I cry, two weeks I cry, I find no God, no friend. I feel me outside, all dark, big storm, rain, snow, ice, wind, I find me lost. I got no coat, no blanket, just old undershirt; I shake, I cry, I freeze. All day I can't work, I cry; all night I can't sleep, I cry; the people laugh; I can't care about that, I just cry all'e time: "I want God, I lost, I want it safe me." I come to church again, my heart cry all'e time. I hear God's words again, "Come inside, George." I fraid, I say: "O God, I can't come inside, I all died my soul, my heart too full'a dirty badness. I can't take it in you house. I died my soul, my heart dirty. I just got old undershirt on."

Then God tell me new words: "That's good, George, that's good; you just leave it all outside, old died soul, old dirty heart, old undershirt, throw it all away. Your Father make you all new again, your Father take you inside, your Father wash you, He

give you new live soul; He give you new clean heart; He make you good coat; He give you good bread; He make you new boy.''

I hear God's word, I see light, I feel new, I feel free, I know me just little new God-man; I no fraid any more. God make me first time my eyes, my tongue, my hands, my feet, my heart, my soul. I spoil it, who help me? Strong Injun friend? White man? Governor? No, no, only just God, my Father, make me once more. Now I want it, my soul, my heart, my hands, my feet, my eyes, my tongue, everything *God's*, 'cause He clean me inside, and make me new when my soul all died in me.

West Alaska

Children of the Far North



Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Fin

Children of the Far North

MRS. EUGENE S. WILLARD

O *THAT the kodak had been with us in those early days of our life in heathen Alaska! How its snapshots would help you to see the child life as it then was and give you hints also of what it is becoming under the influences of the gospel.*

The awkward, hard-to-focus camera of those days, mounted on a tripod, was an awesome instrument to the bewildered native; and of course any posed, dressed-up-for pictures would be worthless as studies from nature such as we wish to give you. We are forced to depend merely upon word glimpses — pen-and-ink sketches—in trying to make you see and know the little “bears,” and “ravens” and “whales” of the big white land.

BASKET-LIFE OF THE BABY

The H'lingit mother weaves from the inner bark of the cedar a slipper-like basket, stiffened up the long back with reeds or slender withes, for baby's cradle. This basket work is covered with a cunningly fitted case of strong, coarse muslin made with flaps below the pillow to button over baby when he is tucked cosily in. She gathers quantities of the beautiful soft, feathery moss and has it dried and ready to use for packing under and around baby in his basket.

Also there are soft rabbit skins to dress for extra wrapping on the wee feet and legs. Bits of blanket are set apart for the chest and shoulders of the new comer, who is first thoroughly oiled, then wrapped about with his little blanket and slipped into his



The Little Baby Buttoned in from Chin to Toes.

moss-lined nest; the feet are snuggled in with the rabbit skins and the moss is packed in about the body, then the flaps are drawn together and buttoned over the folded arms and from under the chin all the way down to the feet. Baby's head is sometimes covered by a little fitted cap, sometimes only by a fold of the blanket, leaving the face alone exposed to view. Baby is now ready to be moved about even by a careless or inexperienced nurse without danger to spine or limb. The basket is easily swung by leathern ropes across a corner of the house and, by means of a string attached to the side of the cradle, it can be rocked by a person even too infirm or crippled to do other things.



Tending the Baby.

When baby grows old enough to "take notice" his elders often stand him up in his basket against the wall so that he can look about and see what is going on, though no unnecessary attention is given him, no nerve-taxing effort is made to hurry speech and laughter. He lives in his basket day and night; eats in it, sleeps in it, and travels in it. Occasionally he is taken out and rubbed all over with oil. When he goes abroad in cold weather it is still in his basket under father's or mother's blanket. In summer, during busy times, such as the fishing or berry seasons, he is set up against a rock or tree out of the way. It is at these times that flies and mosquitoes plague the poor little unprotected face, for the baby hands are securely buttoned inside. Still, this is the safest period of a H'lingit child's life, and I have sometimes wondered if the proverbial patience and tractability of the race were not in some measure traceable to this early experience.

I think all teachers of Alaskan children have been surprised to find them so easily governed, gentle and obedient while yet possessing so much of spirit and enterprise. In common with the Indians of our plains, corporal punishment is unknown among H'lingits as a means of family discipline. Physical pain is given to another, whether child or adult, only as "an eye for an eye" retribution, or as a means of driving out an evil spirit which superstition leads them to believe possesses certain persons.

When a child is about a year old, or, as the H'lingits say, *two* years old, meaning one summer and one winter, he is released from

the basket life and is thenceforth at the mercy of the world, being mainly in the charge of other children who are but little more than babies themselves. They make a pouch of their blanket and in it carry the baby upon their backs; even while at play they dart about thus, seeming hardly to notice this precious burden. Very often baby drops out of his pocket during a game of tag and is hurt. To accidents of this kind more than to any other cause can be charged the large number of deformities among the native people.

KEN-OSH

"Bobbs" for short. A roly poly dumpling of a boy was he when, on his own sturdy legs—scorning even the convenient aid which his young mother's skirt might have afforded him through a grasping baby hand—he came manfully at the age of four years to find "a place in the minister's house," as he always said. And though it was a pretty full house at all times, he soon made a big place for himself in the house and in the hearts as well.

There was a rule, of course, that the "Home" children should go to visit their native friends only at certain times and by the express permission of their teachers, but on one bright day soon after the entrance of "Bobbs," this independent baby took with him another boy of the same age and adventured forth to see his folks and withal to be fed on native dainties. His mother brought them back, sorely distressed at what she imagined as possible results in severe punishment. Her apprehension was so great that we had her remain to see how the little culprits fared. After telling them of the good God who had made them and who still loved them so much that he wanted them to be good and happy, the mission mother added that



Children with their "Mission Mother."

the same good God had made each child a little *chief*, to be *master* over his own tongue and hands and feet so that they should be made to say and to do exactly what was *right* and so be well and

happy, which was *good*. When the little chief allowed them to do wrong they were sick, that was *naughty*. Now it was plain these little *feet* were sick and would have to go to bed until they were better—*well* again. So the erring little feet were bathed and done up in white bandages, their wondering little “chiefs” regarding the procedure with curious and tender interest—all fear having fled away. Then we asked the dear Heavenly Father who made them to bless both the little sick feet and their masters, and to help them to be well and more wise in obeying.

The amazed young mother, whose hasty temper had been tried to the limit by her little son’s offense, looked on with filling eyes and little exclamations that showed a heart as warm as her temper.

Though “Bobbs” remained in the mission until he became a man, his first disobedience, so far as I can recollect, was his last. He was his own chief monitor as to the observance of the simple rules of the home.

A year after his coming into the home “Bobbs” had a very serious illness, so serious indeed that we feared he might not get well again. The white mother took him into her own room to nurse and called in his adoring H’lingit mother to stay, that she might have the comfort of helping to care for her only child and also that she might see what the missionaries did for him. She was herself scrupulously clean and neat in her new cotton print dress; and she accepted gladly the white nurse’s apron provided for her. It seemed in keeping with the cleanliness of the nursery and of the little white-robed patient in his white cot. The contrast with the condition of the sick in the old-fashioned native house could not fail to be noticed. We expected the baby boy to prefer his natural mother’s attentions, but when she brought the nourishment prepared for him, “Bobbs” would ask to be fed by the mission mother. When he became restless with pain he would plead: “Put me in my white mother’s arms, she makes me



There are Various Kinds of Totems in Alaska.

better.” So the white mother rocked him singing the “Jesus Loves Me” lullaby, until he fell asleep and was taken into the loving bosom of his own mother till he awoke again.

During the rather tedious convalescence, after warm weather had come, it seemed best for "Bobbs" to be much in the open air, and with this in view we had his mother take him to his village home, where she could give him her whole attention and many pleasures dear to the native heart, such as canoeing, fishing and gathering wild berries. When she made up a little bed for him and said, "See your nice bed and soft feather pillows," he answered with a homesick quiver in his voice, "But I want my *own* little *white* bed, and my *dear little* strawpillow!" Nevertheless he said his little night time prayer and went to sleep quietly.



Winter Sport in Alaska.

Each day found him gaining strength under his mother's tender care and the healing of the big out-of-doors, and she proudly, thankfully brought him back to us before the summer was fully gone.

Quick to learn, reliable, energetic and independent, when he came to be also a disciple of the Lord his influence was very helpful among the younger children and he was able to *steady* the weaker and less enlightened of the older boys. He became proficient in many kinds of work and was able with his hands to make a good living for his family when such responsibility came to him. But his knowledge of English and the goodly fund of general information that he had attained made him valuable to the Government, and he became court interpreter, a position that he has held with honor for a number of years.

UNDAH

A great feast was being held by one of the more southern H'lingit tribes. Kindred clans from a distance had gathered in large numbers as guests at this celebration in the island settlement.

Quantities of "hootsanoo" had been furnished as a part of the entertainment and it soon furnished its usual scenes of disorder. The dwellings were filled with men and women who had danced and drank, then drank and danced again, until now, from the combined effects of drink and exhaustion, they lay on the floor in utter stupefaction, the heavy sleep of drunkenness from which they were soon to awake miserable and quarrelsome.

Outside the homeless huts, in forlorn groups, huddled together, were the children, tired, hungry and desolate, yet most of all afraid of what would happen when their elders should arouse from this state of stupor. The older girls of from six to twelve years carried babies on their backs in a pocket of the blanket which also served the nurse as an outer robe, while babies that could walk clung to the scant skirt of their big sister, or sat digging toes into the sand of the beach close by.

Presently a slender, oval-faced girl of eight years arose from where she had been seated alone and apart from the others and came toward them, stopping only to speak a few words quietly to each group as she moved from one to another.

"Come with me back into the forest," she said, "I am going to bring you food and *we* shall have a feast too." And taking up into her strong young arms one little toddler who was lame and faint from want of his mother's milk, Undah led the way to a thick cedar grove back of the village, the willing children crowding after her, until, out of sight and hearing of the houses, she stopped, set the little one down on the carpet of moss and spoke to the others who crowded about her.

"You are all hungry," the child began in a strong but sympathetic voice; "your fathers and mothers would not want you to starve, but they are '*hootsanoo dead*' and cannot know till some of you are dead of *emptiness*, so somebody has got to save you. I am going to do it, but I need *help*. I am going to *steal* things to feed you with and I won't have a single boy or girl to help me that ever stole a thing just because they wanted it for *themselves*! The ones that never did such a thing as that can step out here at my right hand." When several of the brightest looking boys and girls had in a solemn, awe-stricken way come to her side, she turned to them and in a lower tone said: "There is more for us to do than to feed the children. We must also save our grown-up friends. You know that every man in the village has his hunting knife in his belt and you know, too, what will happen when the people wake up crazy

from this 'hootsanoo' sleep; before I open the chief's store-house for you to get all the food you can carry back to these little ones, you must go with me from house to house and take every knife and killing thing there is in the village. We will hide them in a big hollow log that I know of in the swamp over there till the feast is



Totem and Paddles.

over and the strangers are ready to go away, then there will be nobody killed — you understand?"

Satisfied with the intelligence in their faces and with their grunts of assent and approbation, the little captain led the way back to the long row of houses facing the beach. Two children she allowed to each dwelling in turn; she, herself, directing and encouraging them and receiving into her blanket the collected weapons.

This rather tedious business being at last completed, she threw the bundle over her shoulder and proceeded alone to the hiding place that she had chosen. Having deposited there the entire collection she returned to the children, whose interest and excitement had for the moment almost quieted the clamor of their stomachs. The sturdy little aides stood ready at the edge of the swamp to return with her to the raid on the village. When they had reached the store-house of her uncle, the chief (who was also this orphan girl's guardian and master), she took from her neck a little leather

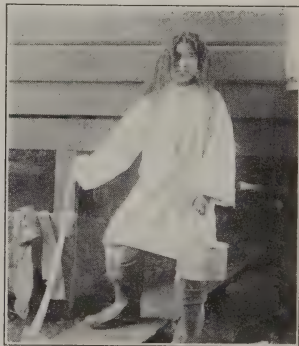
string on which was hung a key. This she fitted into the padlock, turned it and opened the door.

"Stay out here until I come, it will not be long," she said, and, entering, closed the door behind her. Spreading her blanket on the floor she proceeded to throw into it dried berry cakes and bunches of sea weed, bundles of dried salmon and the little candle fish. After folding the edges of the blanket together over this tempting array of provender, she opened the door and called her assistants to gather

up the ends and carry the bundle to those who awaited the promised feast. Then taking a large horn spoon she dipped berries and fish eggs preserved in oil from the big winter boxes recently filled with fresh stores, filling two smaller wooden dishes which she carried herself and fed to the younger of the famishing children. When all had eaten their fill there still remained a few of the dried fish as a common stock, free to any child who might later discover a vacancy.

Undah then called out a new set of helpers to provide *plays* for the company, whose spirits had revived, and the work of these also proved successful, keeping the children well entertained for several hours until the welcome sight and smell of smoke from newly replenished house-fires assured them that their parents and guardians were recovering their senses and thinking about an evening meal. Then, without provoking much comment, the little nurses re-entered the dwellings, slipped their baby charges into the laps of their mothers and busied themselves in bringing fresh water from the spring and dry sticks from the forest.

There was great wonderment and some superstitious fear among the people when it was discovered that during their sleep every man had lost his knife and that the few muskets also of which the tribe had been possessed had disappeared from the houses. It was, of course, laid at the door of the witches, some of whom the evil spirit of their great god, the raven, kept always in every village to work mischief and evil. The old people talked much and the children held their peace until the weary people had eaten and again fallen asleep. When all had settled into profound quiet for the night, the little maid—Undah—stole out of her master's house, though trembling as any native child would with the fear of evil spirits abroad, and brought again the weapons which she had concealed, placing them in a conspicuous heap on the common road upon which the village doors all opened, for the next morning the visitors would disperse and return to their own places. Not many months after this great feast (notable among all the tribes because not a single instance of serious quarreling had occurred and so no injuries were to be avenged or paid for), the chief brought his family on a trading trip to Juneau.



*A Little Girl Rescued from
Natives Trying Her for
a Witch.*

His orphan niece—ward and slave—of course accompanied them. The quick intelligence of the child soon brought her into possession of the fact that there was a mission school and home for native children in this strange white man's town; also that one day was called Sunday, when the big bell would ring and the natives could come and hear singing and a kind of talk not heard elsewhere in the town.



The Rescued Girl after a few Weeks in the Mission.

Consumed with curiosity and interest, Undah gave her guardian no rest until he accompanied her to the mission, when she readily made friends with the happy "Home" children, whose testimony added to her interest and caused her to resolve at any cost to become a mission child herself. So it was by sheer force of character and indomitable will that she led her unwilling relatives into the presence of the missionaries to arrange for her adoption into the family. To the missionary thus

besieged the man and his wife protested that they did not wish to part with the child; that she was out of her mind to ask for such a thing; that they loved her and took care of her; that they also needed her services in caring for their younger children and "the babies would cry for her," they added, volubly making their objections. Nevertheless without ever raising her voice above its customary note of native refinement and without manifesting either resentment or disrespect to her elders the girl finally had her way and became a happy mission child. Not only so, but she managed to retain the good will of her guardians and the loving admiration of their children, whose hearts also turned with desire toward the mission where their Undah lived in such content and whence she brought them stories so delightful.

In the course of time Undah became a Christian. Strong, sincere and lovely, she was also capable, tactful and resourceful—a valuable assistant in the home as well as interpreter for the mission. Housekeeping and the care of children came to her as by natural gift, as did also the little refinements of manner and dress. She married one of our Christian young men who had been trained as a carpenter in the Industrial School at Sitka, and made the pretty and comfortable house he built for her an object lesson for the natives. When they removed to another village they gave to the missionary

in charge most valuable assistance by both example and testimony, standing as they did for the truth among their own people.

“SLAVE ”

One summer a native Christian woman of our Juneau people took her little children and went to visit the home of her childhood—far away to the westward.

While there her heart was touched with sorest pity for a little slave boy who was abused and underfed by the family who held him. Yet it was not until she was almost ready to return to Juneau that she discovered the identity of the child. His mother had been the dearest friend of her girlhood, of high class in the tribe, yet upon her death, the little son, according to native custom, had become the property of her clan, and so had become the half-starved, overworked, unhappy little child that was now called “*Slave*.”

This Christian woman’s heart was big with love for her own little boys. She felt sure that her people were doing a wrong and perceiving that the only way to right it was for her to get the child into the hands of the missionaries, she sought an opportunity



Some Native Women and Baby in Modern Clothing.

to talk to the boy privately and promised him a happier life if he would hide away among her *stuff* in the big canoe when she was ready to start for home. This plan was successfully carried out, and after arriving at Juneau she brought the child to the mission, confident that he would be received and cared for. The old mission house was very small and very crowded, yet it was made to hold “one more,” and poor “Slave” became more comfortable and happy than he had ever been before.

But as winter came on the man and woman missed more and more their little “hewer of wood” and, suspecting his whereabouts, they came to Juneau to take him again into bondage. Having traced him to the mission these brutal people presented themselves one afternoon at the mission home when an assistant was alone with

the children in the big kitchen. Mr. Willard had been called away a hundred miles or more and could not be expected back for several days. I was upstairs putting my "snow babies" to bed when, upon glancing out of the window, I saw "Slave" being jerked and dragged along the path from the home door, struggling all in vain against the strength of his enraged captors.



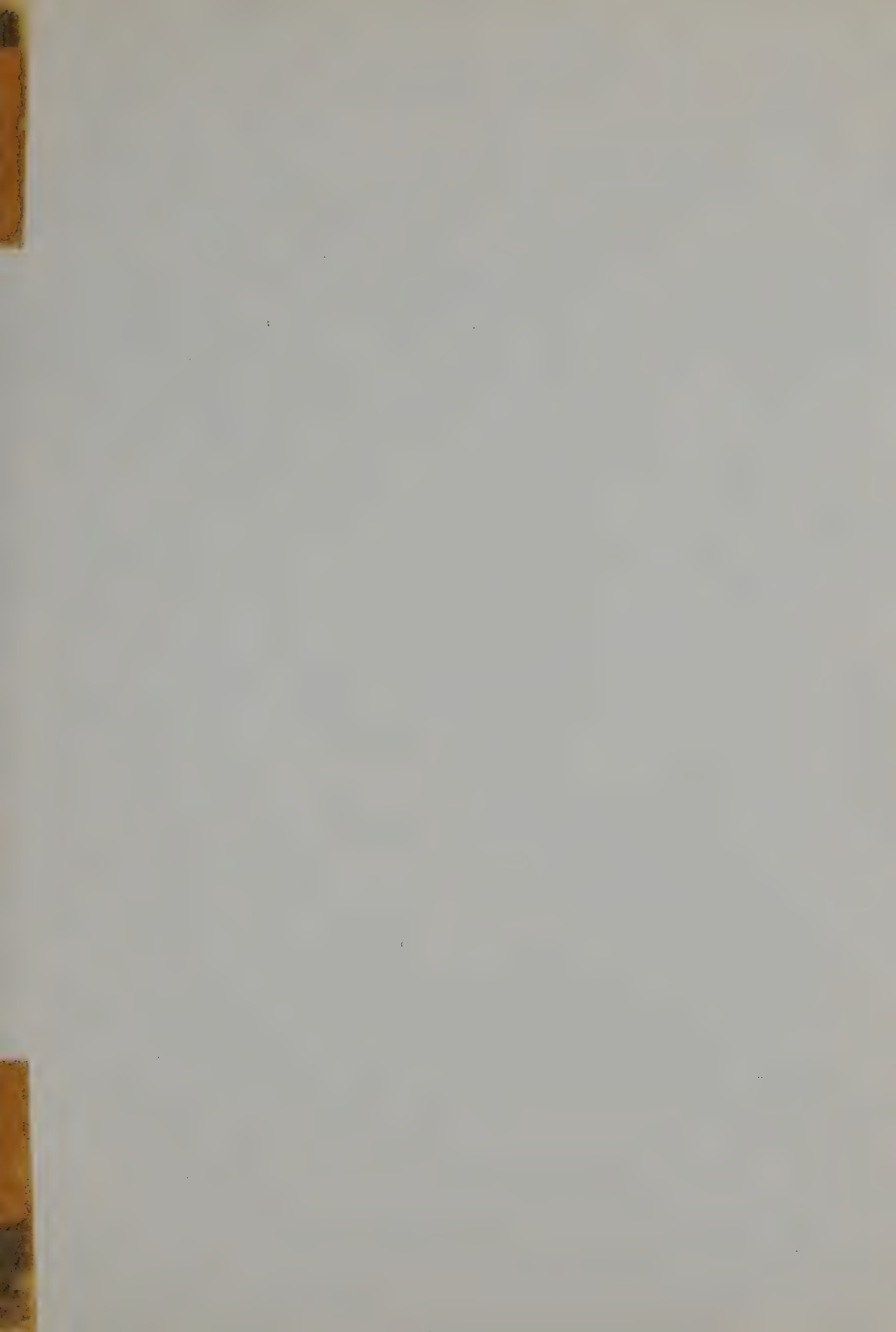
The Modern House Has not yet Displaced the Old Totems.

Leaving the babies at the window I dashed down the stairs and out, putting myself directly in the way of the kidnappers, where I planted myself without a doubt that they would *quail* before me. The native giantess, however, was crazy with whiskey; and as I laid hold of the boy she laid hold of me, fastening the sinewy

fingers of one hand on my throat while she grasped with the other a sharp hunting knife. At this juncture, her husband, who was sober enough to consider the possible consequences of such a deed as the murder of a white woman, grasped the wrists of his wife and forced her to drop the knife and release me.

In the meantime, finding himself free, Slave had gone back to the home only to find the door bolted and the panic-stricken children crowded together at the window, gazing out at us all in helpless terror. When I could quiet them the door opened and the slave boy was saved for that time, though his "friends" assured us in no mild terms that they would not give him up if they had to burn the house or kill the boy to get him. As soon as possible I went to the town officers in an effort to have the boy made the ward of the missionaries, but "Oregon law as found applicable to Alaska" was very slow and uncertain and often failed to "apply" altogether. Slave was virtually a prisoner in the home for several days, in constant fear of recapture and in dread of the punishment which would then be meted out to him; all of which he no doubt fully realized when finally caught, as he was one evening after dark, when he ventured outside the door for a few moments with some of the smaller boys who were unable to defend him. And so *one* little slave, after a *glimpse* of paradise, was swept back into the darkness and misery of pagan slavery.

While the lot of an orphan boy is cruelly hard as a slave, the fate of girls is even worse. Not only the orphan but the girl who has parents as well is, in many instances, given as wife to some unloved and unloving old man, whose old wife still lives and who, with him, needs to be waited upon. Some of these orphan slaves have been wholly rescued and to-day are living free and happy Christian lives; some of them are heads of families that are being brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," while there are others who are still held in bondage, waiting, perhaps, until *you* send them deliverance. Would not *you* like to be of those whose "feet are beautiful upon the mountains?"



AMANDA R. McFARLAND

Pioneer



BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

156 Fifth Avenue, New York

WHAT!" was the cry that assailed Dr. Sheldon Jackson; "did you leave Mrs. McFarland up there alone, among all those heathen—up there in the cold, on the edge of winter?" "Yes," was the reply, "I did, and she has neither books, nor schoolhouse, nor helpers, nor money, nor friends—only a few converted but morally uninstructed Indians, and a great many heathen about her."

This, then, was the beginning of mission work in Alaska. But there had been steps leading up to it.

In 1829 the Rev. J. S. Green, a missionary returning from the Sandwich Islands, had explored Alaska as far north as Sitka with a view to establishing a mission there. It was not until 1877, however, that a Presbyterian missionary, John C. Mallory, entered the Territory. He was sent to Fort Wrangell by the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, whose pastor, the Rev. A. L. Lindsley, had been aroused to action by the stories of the degraded and helpless condition of these pagan people. Here, to his surprise, Mr. Mallory found the beginnings of a work, a story in itself which runs in brief as follows:

In 1857 William Duncan had come to Fort Simpson, British Columbia, under the auspices of an English missionary society; a man of courage and

faith, he had led one after another to forsake his evil ways and enter into covenant with God. As a result, a Christian village was established at Metlakatla, thirty miles away. Likewise, in the late sixties, a mission was established in British Columbia, by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It, too, gathered in large numbers of the native peoples, many belonging to the tribes in the interior. In the spring of 1876, a little band of these native Christians secured a government contract to cut wood at Fort Wrangell. When the Sabbath came, they refused to work, meeting, as was their custom, for worship. When the work was done, one Philip McKay, known to the natives as "Clah," did not return home with the other woodchoppers but remained in Fort Wrangell to preach and teach. During the winter forty natives publicly confessed Christ and many gave up their heathen practices.

Mr. Mallory remained in Alaska only a month, but in that short time was impressed not only with the need of these people but, as evidenced by this work, with their desire for better things. Nor was he the only one. A soldier at the post, J. S. Brown, though not a professing Christian, moved by the pathetic picture of this hungry, waiting people, wrote to General Howard, contrasting the condition, intellectual and spiritual, of the "Boston Siwaches" (United States Indians), as they proudly called themselves, with the Indians in British Columbia.

Through Dr. A. L. Lindsley this letter found its way to the General Assembly and there into the hands of Sheldon Jackson.

THE STORY from this point on might be told in a series of flashes on the screen. Sheldon Jackson, sent by the Board of Home Missions on a western tour, is prevented by an Indian revolt in Idaho from carrying out his itinerary, and goes to Portland. From there, upon the encouragement of Dr. Lindsley but without authority other than his own initiative, he goes to Alaska. But not alone. With him goes Mrs. A. R. McFarland, sent by the First Presbyterian Church of Portland. She had labored with her husband in New Mexico, then among the Nez Percés, and now is again seeking opportunity to serve. One sees them in those first days: the glad welcome by the eager natives, the visit to the reverent group in Philip McKay's school, the coming of Mrs. McFarland's interpreter, who, when a hundred miles up the Stickine River gathering her winter supply of berries, hears of their arrival from a passing steamer, packs her children, bedding, and provisions into her canoe and paddles with all haste to Fort Wrangell to bid them welcome; Mrs. McFarland left—the only white woman in the Territory to be “nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, mayor, and administrator.”

M^{RS.} MCFARLAND reached Fort Wrangell August 10, 1877, and within a few days was installed as principal of the little school with Clah as native assistant teacher and Mrs. Sarah Dickinson, a native who had married a white man, as interpreter. Twenty Indian young women, two or three boys, a mother and her three children constituted the members of the school. "Four small Bibles, four hymn books, three primers, thirteen first readers, and one wall chart" made up the equipment. As there was no school building, the pupils met around in the homes of the Indians, the meeting place for the day being indicated by the ringing of a bell.

Immediate plans were made for the housing of the school. The only vacant room to be had at the time was in an old dance hall, and this was fitted up as a school room. When this was no longer available, an old log house near the little home of Mrs. McFarland was procured. One month after the school was removed to the log house, Clah Philip McKay, the assistant principal, was taken ill and died the following December. Help from the States was looked for on the arrival of each steamer; but no missionary came. A woman of less courage and faith would have hesitated to face the coming winter with increasing work and one less to help.

Pressure had been brought upon her, too, for a second school for the wild natives up the beach and

she had consented to start one. Sixty pupils in an old log building with no books were instructed from blackboard exercises. Sabbath services at this point were also added to her already crowded schedule of work.

NO SOONER were they settled in the school quarters at Wrangell than Mrs. McFarland was confronted with another problem. One day two native girls asked to be allowed to live with her. Her limited accommodations made it necessary for her to deny the request. A few days later she learned that one of them had been carried off by a vicious white man in the territory. Difficulties were constantly arising in connection with her school work, but perhaps none more serious than those affecting her girls. Under the training of Mrs. McFarland they improved greatly in manner and appearance. So superior did many of them become that men of the town were attracted to them and bought them from their parents.

“Among a people where heathenism crushes out a mother’s love and turns her heart to stone—where for a few blankets a mother will sell her own daughter, she found that her brightest and most promising pupils were in danger.” Dr. S. Hall Young tells of her appeals to the women of the States for help:

"She described as intimately as modesty permitted the complete breaking down of the native system so far as it concerned the care of young girls, the hideous diseases, and the impossibility of purity and morality under those conditions. She appealed for a home into which she could gather the pretty and interesting little Thlingit and Hyda girls, away from their community houses, where fifty or sixty men, women, and children lived huddled together in one room; ate there, slept there, and cooked over a common log fire—no decency, no modesty, no morality, and no sanitation possible."

Consequently, during the fall of 1878, "The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian," through its columns exploited the awful condition of these young girls, and the need for a home. Interest was awakened—money forthcoming, and in the spring of 1880 the "McFarland Industrial Home" was finished at Wrangell. Here the girls received a Christian home training and the protection so much needed.

Great was the disappointment when, on February 9, 1883, this building was burned to the ground.

Mrs. McFarland describes her distress in these words:

"We entered this Home with twenty-eight girls; the work greatly prospered; but in the middle of the work one of those mysterious things happened to us. This building was swept from our sight by the flames; we found ourselves out in the deep snow surrounded by forty children. The building where we

had begun our work in 1877 was filled with miners. They sent word to us to come there and they would vacate it. Though not a comfortable house, we were thankful for this. We had not one article of bedding, no food. Toward evening we saw the Indians coming up with loads of bedding and a quantity of food. We could receive no supplies for six weeks from the States, but we were not left to suffer. Word was sent to New York about the burning of this building. The friends came nobly to our help. We received money and boxes of food from different places all over the land, until we were bountifully supplied.

"We remained in this old building some time, hoping that the Board would be able to rebuild. But the Board finally decided to remove our school to Sitka and unite with the boys' school already established. This was done and the work there has grown and prospered."

It is interesting to note that among Mrs. McFarland's pupils at Wrangell were Louis Paul, Tillie Paul (his wife), and Frances Willard, all of whose lives have counted much in Christian service for Alaska.

OUTSTANDING among Mrs. McFarland's qualifications for missionary on the field to which she had been called was her fearlessness. There are many evidences of this, not the least of these the obvious one that she was there. The following story

illustrates this: Two girls who disappeared were accused of witchcraft and were under torture. "In agony of mind she set out to release them. Her friends implored her not to go, 'for they are having a devil dance and will kill you.' As Mrs. McFarland's life had been threatened several times, special anxiety now prevailed among her friends. Sarah Dickinson threw her arms around her and, weeping, declared she was going to her death. The converted Indians, at other times so bold, warned her to desist from a hopeless errand; but, up the beach alone, hurried that Christian teacher to where her two poor girls were bound hand and foot, stripped naked, in the center of fifty dancing and frantic fiends who with yells cut the victims with knives and tore out pieces of their flesh. Forcing her way to the side of the captives, in spite of threats and execrations, Mrs. McFarland stood warning and pleading the wrath of the United States, and after hours of the dauntless persistency cowed the wretches and took off the half-dead girls."

FORT WRANGELL is situated at the mouth of the Stickine River, and here miners reshipped from the river boats to ocean steamers, making this their headquarters during the winter. It was described as

“a semi-circle of wooden houses dominated by an empty fort; a high forest-crowned hill; a small harbor; a fleet of Indian canoes; white men, bristling and aggressive; dark Mongolians with their downcast faces written with centuries of wrong and oppression.” Dr. S. Hall Young described the effect the first appearance of the town had on him as he entered it one year later: “That gray morning with its air of dreariness and desolation drove my blood back to my heart with a sickening urge.” It was not until 1884, seventeen years after the purchase, that the bill providing a civil government in Alaska was passed. A short time before Mrs. McFarland arrived, the military force which had hitherto occupied the Fort had been withdrawn. This was the only recognized authority within the limits of the land; and apart from its influence there was no law, order, or government. In a community where there were few white men and about one thousand Indians, every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Consequently Mrs. McFarland had no authority to which to turn. She felt that this was a necessity, and, law-maker and administrator, she established a local government in Fort Wrangell—ten years before Washington voted it for the Territory. The story of its inauguration is given in a letter from Mrs. McFarland to “The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian,” printed April, 1878:

“We have been holding a Council and making laws this week. You know there is no law here, and nobody under any restraint; neither those who are Christians nor those who are heathen.

“Some time ago the Christian natives got together and appointed Toy-a-att, Moses and Matthew, their most prominent and active men, as officers, to look after any troubles that might arise and punish the guilty. For a time it worked very smoothly. But after a while Shus-Taks, the wicked chief, who lives over on the Point, told the people that these men had no real authority—that I had nothing to do with it, and that they need not pay the fines. So last Saturday night my men came to me and wanted me to call a meeting for Monday, and write out some laws for them. This I did, suspending the school session for the purpose. The schoolhouse was packed full. We had a great many long speeches, until it began to grow dark. I had written out some laws, with which they seemed to be much pleased. But as it was now 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I proposed that they should take a recess until the next morning, and that I would take the rules home and copy them off for their signatures. The next morning at daybreak Shus-Taks came out on the end of the Point, as he always does when he has anything to say to the people. He then made a great speech, telling them that he knew all about what we had been doing the day before, and that I was trying to make war between him and the other people.

“When we met at the schoolhouse that morning we concluded to send an invitation to Shus-Taks to

come over and hear the laws read, and, if possible, conciliate him. He came, bringing five of his men with him. We also invited Mr. Dennis, the deputy collector of customs, to be present.

"I had the first talk with Shus-Taks. He was very hostile, and made bitter remarks. I tried to convince him that I had come up there to do him and his people good; and then read him the laws.

"He replied, that he would like to know what I had to do with the laws—that I had been sent there to teach that school, and nothing more. He said that if Mr. Dennis and I went on doing as we were now doing, that we would upset the town and bring war, and all the people would be killed. He said he supposed that I thought that I was safe, but he would advise me to send for the soldiers to come back.

"Mr. Dennis then had a talk with him; but I do not think it made the least impression.

"Then Toy-a-att made a talk to Shus-Taks—indeed preached him a solemn sermon. He told him that he was now an old man and could not live long—that he wanted him to give his heart to the Savior, who had died for him—that if he did not, but died as he was living, he must be forever lost.

"Shus-Taks replied that he did not care if he did go to hell-fire—that his people were all there. He then left the meeting.

"After he was gone the people all signed their names (or rather I wrote their names and they made their mark) to the rules I had written out. It was now 5 o'clock. The second day was gone; and we adjourned with the doxology."

Sheldon Jackson said of Mrs. McFarland:

“All the perplexities, political, religious, physical, and moral, of the native population were brought to her for solution, and her arbitration was universally accepted. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to settle their difficulties. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer, and jury. If feuds arose among the small tribes or families, she was arbiter. And when the Christian Indians called a constitutional convention, she was elected chairman. She was called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft; and when the Vigilance Committee would hang a white man for murder, she was sent to act as his spiritual adviser. Her fame also went out far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs left their homes and people, and came long distances to enter the school of the woman that loved their people, or to plead that teachers might be sent to their tribes.”

UNDER MRS. McFARLAND'S direction the little group of Christians was fostered. When S. Hall Young arrived the following August he found, he states, a band of Stickines ready to listen with respect to what he had to say and to carry out his plans as fast as he made them. A year later a Presbyterian church was organized, the first Protestant church and also the first American church in Alaska,

into the membership of which were enrolled twenty-three persons, eighteen of whom were natives. At this service the Indian members gave their reasons for uniting with the church. Aaron Kohanow, who was formerly a shaman and a sorcerer, said: "I understand very solemn thing to join the church. Indians don't understand as well as white man about it. Willing to go on looking to God to help me. Understand how Christ has spoken that I must be born again. I want the new birth. I ask God to give me a new heart. God hear me. Take my sins and troubles to God." Aaron had already proved his earnestness by destroying the implements of his sorcery. Chief Toy-a-att said: "You know all about how I formerly lived. How I was all the time in trouble and quarreling—all the times when the ball or knife go through me. Now I quit it all. Jesus help me. I live peaceably."

MRS. McFARLAND lived for twenty years as a missionary among the Alaskan natives. Five years were spent at Wrangell, four at Sitka, eleven on Prince of Wales Island. On returning to the States she made her home at Alva, Oklahoma.

Miss Julia Fraser, a former secretary of the Woman's Board of Home Missions, in a letter to the sister, wrote:

"One of the most touching memories of Mrs. McFarland is an experience connected with my last visit to Alaska. Mrs. McFarland had been away from the field for a number of years and was then living in Oklahoma. One day the Alaskan women gathered together at Sitka for their usual monthly missionary meeting. There were about thirty native women, all married and many carrying babies. All but two or three were former pupils of Mrs. McFarland. They spoke affectionately of her and lovingly recalled her teaching and example. They thanked God for what Mrs. McFarland had been permitted to do in Alaska, for her wide influence over the natives in that great country and then they prayed that the Lord would bless her and keep her and lead her gently by the hand. Mrs. McFarland was the human means used by God to make these women what they are today and the character building which she did so grandly is lasting and will abide forever."

IN ALASKA NOW

42 churches and preaching stations, 18 mission Sunday schools, 1 school, 1 boarding home, and 2 other enterprises are carried on by 20 pastors, 1 Sunday school missionary and colporteur, 2 community workers, 9 teachers, 3 nurses, and 27 other workers.

(For a play on the organization of the first Protestant church in Alaska, see "There Were Giants," 5 cents.)

Acknowledgment is made to the following sources: The Alaskan Pathfinder, Faris, and Hall Young of Alaska, An Autobiography, Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers; Anniversary Bulletin, January 1928; A Life Worth While, Mary J. Gildersleeve.

Revised 7/39.

Five cents

Yahk; or, Adrift in Alaska.

MRS. EUGENE S. WILLARD.

THE Alaskan settlement was growing, there was no mistake about it; and that fact, as it was carried hither and thither, from adjacent tribes to tribes remote, had just the effect that such a report is sure to have the world over, however civilized the people.

White men had heard the news in other lands and had said, "Let us go and see!" The natives, hearing of their coming, had said likewise, "Let us go and see." And so it came about that a few honest, hard-working men had set a matter going which resulted in a gathering together of many sorts of people—miners, prospectors, speculators, artisans, mechanics, and some who came to gain what others earned, in return for amusement and the destruction of body and soul.

Saloons and dance houses were soon the most prominent buildings in the town, and it was not long until the eager interest of the music-loving natives was held to the full.

Each day brought new arrivals by canoe, and all along the beach, for a mile and a half, little white tents sprang up as by magic—here and there in close and friendly groups, again, straggling far apart.

Constantly coming and going from their doors were the strange, dark people, filled with wonder at this flood of "snow folk" that had so suddenly appeared in the land; devoured also by a keen curiosity to see and to know all that the white men could do. More than this, having large business instinct, and a love of gain, they were possessed to make money. They were willing to

work, and, if money could be made in any other way, they had no scruples of conscience about it.

Nor were they niggards when the money came. In opening up the country many hands were needed, and hundreds of the natives, numbers of whom had never before held a shovel, were given work with good wages.

With their money they experimented on the white man's way of living, and bought flour, rice, sugar and tea, canned peaches and oxtail soup. They also adopted with astonishing quickness the white man's style of dress—gum boots and silk handkerchiefs being in greatest demand. Still further, the white man's amusements charmed these people of the shores. As the lively notes of the violin floated out from the house of entertainment, the natives young and old would don their latest gaiety and hasten to gather about the windows and doors of this place of enchantment, whence the broad light streamed out above the screens.

The white men, too, only more tardily, responded to the call; coming from lonely cabins in the forest, from the crowded, cheerless boarding shanty in the homeless town.

Some of these were men who had followed the camp for many years—to whom earning and spending for naught had become the habit of life—to whom low indulgences had become a necessity: a few, of even this number, loathing self and life until further stimulants were necessary to endurance.

Others were little more than boys. *Boys*—some of them from Christian homes! Boys who had wearied of restraint—who had craved a taste of the wide, wide world. Boys with mothers at home—mothers with aching, hungering hearts: and sisters—pure and sweet! O fathers, make *friends* of your sons! O mothers—O sisters—

make *homes* for your boys ! for the world is wide—and weary ! There are boys, who, having come out wilfully, cannot go home in prodigal-son fashion ; they must wait ; they intend to go back bye and bye as penitent princes. In the mean time the young heart aches for the old home—for mother—and is *ashamed*. The young life is full and its pulse is stirring ; the heartache and the dreary homelessness become unbearable ; to such, the strains of the violin call to forgetfulness, to excitement, to delirium of sense.

As the crowd increased the white men were admitted, and such of the native women and girls as were permitted, persuaded or paid, to join in the dance. These women soon learned the steps, through their unerring sense of rhythm, and became habitues of the place, drawing others by their graphic description and by the display of their gains.

Even the children caught the infection ; and at almost any hour of the day might be seen groups of little ones hanging about, ready to snatch up the orange peel and other bits of edible refuse which found their way to the street. Sometimes they even ventured to the door, and were given sips of sweetened liquors until they became tipsy enough to amuse the on-lookers with their antics and with long sentences of vile and blasphemous speech, learned parrot-fashion, of which they understood not a word.

It was near sunset on a lovely day in the summer of 188—, that, emerging from one of the cabins standing back from the business portion of the village, a man appeared and with a quick, nervous step made his way along one of the numerous paths which had accomodated themselves to the stumps in the street.

He was a man a little past middle age ; without home ties he had found himself equally at home

in almost every land on the globe ; without religious creed he worshipped equally well in a Moham-medan mosque, a Hindoo temple, a Jewish syna-gogue, a Christian church, or a Chinese Joss house. He had wealth enough to more than suffice for all his needs ; nothing held him, impulse moved him. Without being dissipated he had proven many vanities under the sun.

'Twas of one of these vanities that he had been thinking in his cabin, as he sat alone trying to read. Of a day long past, yet often with him as to-day—an unwelcome, hateful present. He had drugged the memory, and had covered it with gayer things—yet, there it was again.

It had come between him and his page that day, a girlish, almost childish face, with its pleased look, but with dark and pleading eyes. He turned the page, he shut out the face ; he read.

Ah ! there it is again. It is a startled, a scared face ; the eyes are darker and fuller than before.

He closed the book and took a turn about the cabin. It is gone now, but what is that which has caused him to lay his head upon his folded arm ? Why—that face again, with heavy, bloated features, the wonderful eyes bleared and vacant.

And then follows the scene where that face is pillowed in a little hut. Poor wasted face—poor blasted life ! The eyes have it *all* now ; they plead, they reproach, they burn !

And at last they are closed, and the clods are her covering.

Not often has the vision so vividly and so persistently intruded itself upon the man. He would find other companionship ; the world was bright enough out doors. And, closing the door of his cabin on the unwelcome ghost, he was soon at the other end of the village.

Without definite purpose, except that of finding diversion from his thoughts, he was ready to stop at the first sign of life or interest on the street.

This he found as he neared a house of pleasure. Loud laughing from a crowd of men lounging about its front drew him on to see the fun.

Sitting on the edge of the rude board walk, was a native girl of about ten years. Swung on her back in a blanket was a baby asleep, with its fat face all unprotected from the rosy glare of the sun ; its chubby fist thrust into its mouth in blissful content.

The girl's head was also bare, save for the thick cloud of hair which she frequently threw back with an impatient toss.

A number of other children on the walk were affording the bystanders a novel entertainment. This girl with the baby had alone held aloof, and, as the laughing increased, she sat in sullen silence, her grip tightening on her helpless charge.

Her manner was a challenge. Failing to get her to taste the "funny water" or to join the sport, the baby's nose was tickled with a stick until it sneezed ; her hair was twitched, her dimpled cheeks were pinched. All the while her small body was filling with rage, silent, but ready to explode.

At last two hands were laid upon her shoulders, when she flung herself violently forward out of reach, and, amid the cheers and shouts of the spectators, went rolling—fat baby and all, toward an open ditch close by.

Gathering herself up, and snatching baby into her arms, she stood a moment, facing her tormentors in speechless passion ; her cheeks burned crimson, her breath came quick and hard, her eyes blazed, and then the floods came. No Kling-get words, to cause more mirth, but in their own tongue the torrent poured forth. Such oaths,

such curses, such vehement, only half-intelligible speech, as startled the hardened men about her, and with the words still on her lips, she sped out of the astonished crowd.

The man who had, but a few moments before, shut his ghost into the cabin, suddenly saw it rise before him as he watched this child.

A vague impulse seized him to follow, to aid, to save the girl. His had not been a saving hand before; if now he could prevent what before he he had helped to accomplish, he would be satisfied.

Leaving the company who had quickly resumed their fun, he passed down the street toward the long stretch of beach, where the tide was lapsing in low, sweet tones.

A little further on, beside a great boulder, which, at high tide, was entirely covered, but now showed all its wealth of barnacles and little black mussels, stood the girl. In its blanket she had set the baby on the rock before her, having stopped to recover her breath.

At sight of the children, the man slowed his step, and cutting a branch from an elder bush growing near, he proceeded slowly, whittling carelessly the stick he carried.

Whistling an idle tune, he passed without seeming to see the children; and picking up a handful of pebbles stopped to "skip" them out to sea.

As one after another they merrily glanced over the surface of the water, there came a gleeful laugh from the fat baby on the boulder, at which the man half turned, and saw the shadow passing from the girl's face.

Sitting down on one of the rocks, still whittling, he began his mission.

"What's your name, little woman?" he asked, speaking in the easy jargon common among the coast people.

She dropped her eyes, there was no reply ; but, at his kindly insistance, she blushed and smiled and made answer :

"No name have I."

"Wouldn't you like to go to school?"

"What is a school?"

"A place where you can learn to know what other people think on paper ; where *you* can learn to think on paper so that other folks can know."

"Where is the place?"

"Right down the street there."

"Where, under the sky?"

"No : in a house—a wooden house with a cover on. Why, how is it that you don't know anything about a school?"

"I know plenty about schools."

"What do you know?"

"Skookum house." (prison.)

"Who go?" "Fools."

"What makes them stay?"

"*Slaves*—can't get away again."

"How do you know?"

"I have ears ; birds sing : frogs croak."

"Oh ! The school children have been croaking, have they ? did you hear them ?"

A sudden shade of perplexity half chased the assurance from her face at this well turned query, but, after a moment's hesitation she answered : "Girls who have fathers and mothers like mine and have lived all their years on the beach, go *there* and never come back again ; they can't go where they please any more. They have to be put into hot water and scoured with wood and sand to make them white ; they're dressed up like white people, and when they come to see their friends they pretend they have been *happy* in

that place, and are afraid they might sit down in some fish grease. No! the school children don't croak—they're frogs trying to sing—bah!"

With a laugh of genuine enjoyment, the man received this burst of unqualified disgust, and some moments passed before he made any effort to return to the subject in hand—then:

"But there is another school where you can go for a while every day, to learn books, and then come back to your mother, and have as much fish grease as you want."

No reply; the keen native instinct had felt the slight touch of ridicule.

"It would be nice for you to learn to read," he added cautiously.

"I don't want any school," was the reply.

"But you are in school *now*."

"What?" with a half suspicious, half perplexed expression.

"You *are* in school; you've been in school every day since you were born. You were having a lesson down there by the dance house when I first saw you to-day; did you like your teachers?"

Her only answer was a sudden, involuntary movement of the small, brown hands, and the old angry flash from the eyes.

"What kind of a woman do you suppose you'll be when you get through with this school of yours?" he went on relentlessly: "Did you ever see a girl who had been through it? You mean to be a woman like your mother, do you? You *can't*. Your mother's school was better than yours; the water, the sky, the woods and the spirits were better teachers; what are yours?"

"Did you ever see the teachers," he continued, "of the schools I told you about, in the town here? Do they look like *yours*, on the street down there?"

The child's face quivered with intense feeling under his cruel kindness, and the eyes grew misty.

There was a little silence ; then, changing his manner and his position, the man asked, "Where did you come from ? Where is your own country?"

Reaching out her arm she pointed across the shining waves toward the red sun just sinking out of sight, and said with gentle simplicity,

"Over there—where that goes."

"What is your father's name?"

"Chalk-ish."

"And what is *your* name?"

Again the conscious blush and smile, but this time, with a rougish twinkle as she answered, "I cannot say—I do not know."

A bright thought came to his aid. "What is it you call this little black mussel that opens and shuts in such a funny way?—*see* it!" and into a half opened shell he thrust the end of the stick he had been carving, to see the mussel close upon it with instant resistance.

"What do you call it?" he repeated.

"Yahk," was the willing answer.

"Yahk! that's it—that's your name. I give it to you; don't forget. I shall call you Yahk."

The sun had entirely disappeared, the rose had faded into purple; the purple was growing cold, and he arose to go—carrying his stick and switching the sea weed as he went.

Passing the children on his way he threw a piece of bright silver into the fat baby's lap and walked on without a word.

A few yards off he turned and called back:

"Yahk?"

She had turned to watch him as he went; now a pleased laugh answered him.

"Do you see that house over there?"

"Ah."

"Well, that's mine—I want you to bring your father to that house to-morrow—I want some cord wood, do you understand?"

"Ah."

"Will you do it?"

"Ah."

"All right," and whistling as he went, he soon disappeared down the narrow, crooked street.

Next morning, bright and early, Yahk appeared at the cabin door with her ever present charge—in a very round bundle for a baby—hanging in its blanket on her back. Close behind were her father and mother, both necessary to the transaction of any business.

The morning was warm, and their host would have preferred to hold the conference under the trees, but with heroic sacrifice of fastidious sense, he invited them in, and setting out his one chair for the benefit of the family, he seated himself on the table.

Not a word was uttered by the visitors. They looked about the cabin, taking in its every appointment.

The mother had immediately seated herself on the floor, and to her lap Yahk had slipped her burden.

The father had stood a few seconds regarding the chair uneasily, but, when urged, made an attempt to occupy it and was finally successful.

"Have you an axe of your own?" began the host.

"Ah," Yahk's father answered.

"Do you want work?"

"Ah."

"I want some dry spruce wood—a cord; pieces so long"—unfolding his pocket rule, "and outside I'll show you how long and how high they must be piled."

"Good. How much you give?"

"Five dollars."

"It is good. Where's the measure stick?"

"I'll get one for you when we go out," the man answered musingly, not rising to go.

As though questioning the silence and the delay, Chalk-ish looked at the man who was mentally laboring over the real business of the morning, how to begin about getting Yahk to school, more embarrassed with this simple act of kindness than he had ever been with anything before.

"Who are you?" asked Yahk's father in a low, quiet way, still regarding his host in that questioning manner.

The man started—hesitated, then answered carelessly, "I'm at sea—you may call me Adrift. That's a good baby you've got there, is it a boy?"

"Ah, it's a man."

"What are you going to do with him? teach him to hunt deer and take salmon by and bye?"

"Ah, ah!" with a laugh from the mother.

"His sister is a nice, strong looking girl, too, what will you do with her?"

With evident pleasure both the father and mother began to speak, but being the more voluble of the two the mother answered—laying a caressing hand on Yahk's shoulder—

"She's a good woman—by and bye she will have a husband."

"What kind of a husband?"

With a half shy, half important look the woman replied.

"I can't say, I don't know." Then in a manner more business-like than coquettish she added,

"A white man, maybe."

Here was another turn of affairs.

What if he should succeed in getting her to school—it was a matter of only a little while at longest, that she would be safe: even now, according to

their customs, they might make a promise of marriage for her which nothing could annul so far as they were concerned, while for her it would mean at first a grievous submission, a few years perhaps of mingled indulgence and abuse, then—cast aside—a dragging out of bare existence.

To save this child from an evil life had come to him first as an impulse which led him blindly to act; he knew not what it might require him to do; he did not stop to think, or to reason.

It had seemed a simple thing to persuade her to go to a Mission Home. Her stubborn resistance had been a hint of character that he felt further interest in proving.

He had "taken the notion" to do something for this particular child, he told himself, and he would not be balked now.

"It is no good," he said to Chalk-ish and his wife, "it is no good to give her to a white man. It is much better to give her to a good man of your own kind."

With a smile they answered, "Maybe."

"Send her to school," he urged. "let her learn to read and write and to speak *good* English words. She can do that and still live with you."

"It is good, very good, but when she gets very white she will want a white husband, she will be loved many blanket's worth, and we are poor, very poor; she is our only daughter—she will give us great comfort in our old age. Yes, yes: she must go to school, she will learn the white man's own tongue, then he will hold her very dear."

During this conversation Yahk's face was a study, as she sat on the floor by her mother's side following every word with quick intelligence, though only half comprehending its import.

Mr. Adrift, as he had elected to call himself, knew only too well that with such designs,

though innocent of guilt on the part of her parents, Yahk's future would very soon be sealed. There were cabins ready to receive such an inmate.

"What do you want for Yahk—for your little girl?" he asked, seeming to see a way, and only one way to shield her. "Will you promise to give her to no one else if I pay you? I want you to send her to school until she has a woman's heart, and then let her choose her own husband. Will you do it?"

"*You* want her?"

"Yes; I want you to keep her safe, away from the dance house and the street; I want you to let no one talk about buying her, or marrying her, or whatever you call it. I want you to keep her safe and send her to school for me—do you understand?"

"Ah! its good, how much you give?"

"I'm going to give her clothes to go to school with as long as she will go; and I'll give you, her father and mother, presents for taking this care of her."

"Ah, it is all good. And for *girl*—how much you give—we keep you girl?"

"I'll give you thirty dollars now."

"No—no; we love our daughter too much. She is but one we have, she is a little one, she is pretty, she is very strong, she will learn white man's talk very quick. No, no. We are poor, but our little daughter is very dear to us."

"You shall keep her for me," persisted the stubborn man of impulse. "I will give you fifty dollars now, and more again if you keep your word."

"The word of Chalk-ish and his children's mother does not break. Five tens of your silver is very good, but—you see I am poor, I have no clothes like white man's, and her mother—she is poor."

"Come outside with me now, till I go to the store. I will be back soon." It was with some haste that the visitors were shown out, and, locking the door behind him, he strode into the town.

In a short time he returned to the family still patiently waiting at his door, and handing over to Yahk a part of his burden of bundles he unlocked the door and bade them enter.

There was much manifest pleasure among the recipients as he opened the packages and handed out, first to the mother, a print dress pattern, a shawl and a silk handkerchief for the head; to the father a suit of Boston clothes; to the baby a bag of candy, and to Yahk herself, a silk handkerchief, a little Jersey waist, shoes, stockings, and material for such other clothing as a school girl might require. Last of all he counted out the fifty shining dollars. These were soon snugly done up in a leathern pouch, hands were then shaken with the renewal of the promise, and the well satisfied parents with their children went on their way.

Left to himself he mused :

"I suppose I'm a fool, but I might as well show it in this way as any other. It's something new, anyway, and there's no one to grumble at my extravagance. It's a notion I can afford to take. If anything can be made of that girl she shall have the chance, and she looks as though there were stuff to work on."

Yahk was ready for school by the next Monday, where she appeared before the ringing of the bell, new shoes, new dress, little Jersey and all, the silk handkerchief folded shawl fashion over her well shaped head and tied neatly under the plump and dimpled chin. Once within the schoolroom the kerchief was slipped from the head and lay, still knotted, about her shoulders.

The child's hands and face were perfectly clean, and the long thick hair—washed soft and glossy—was parted from forehead to crown in a straight, white line, then drawn smoothly back into a thick and shining braid tied at the end with a bit of muslin.

She had entered the schoolroom without shrinking or coaxing, but as a little woman on a matter of business—modest almost to shyness, but her mouth was firm and resolute, and her eyes bright and fearless.

Yahk *had* come on a matter of business, and to the accomplishment of her purpose to learn all that her good friend wished her to know she bent all her energies. With her teacher she soon became a favorite, but long remained a mystery.

During the three years which followed, Yahk made steady advancement in reading, writing and spelling English. Her attendance was a marvel to all who knew the irregular way in which the natives attend school. Every day found the child promptly in her place. Strong, self-reliant, bright and attractive, she passed to and fro on her way through the town, never dallying, never seeming to hear the frequent pleasantries addressed to her by loungers on the street. When such attentions became too loud and forceful to pass unnoticed, the old time wrath blazed out so fiercely that she seemed protected by fire.

In appearance also Yahk had improved. As time went on the mission school girls—attending as they did the same day school—became her friends, and soon their white neck ruffles and neat gingham aprons were reproduced by native home manufacture—kept scrupulously clean always, though unironed.

Occasionally she visited the girls in the Home and seemed to absorb everything taught there.

She gradually found her way to Church on Sundays, though her father and mother never went. With the missionaries Yahk was an object of special interest and of frequent remark, for although seeing much of her, they were unable to come at her real, inner self, to understand her life. Every effort to do so was met pleasantly, modestly and naturally—but met as one would meet a visitor on the steps and, speaking pleasantly, close the door behind him—and stand.

Through the town she became known as “Adrift’s girl,” and many were the jests sent flying by his ears, seeming to render his determination all the more dogged.

Among Yahk’s own people Mr. Adrift was regarded as her husband, and the time when she should be made mistress of the cabin was looked forward to with interest by more than her parents.

What Yahk herself thought, no one knew, she never spoke of it. As she found herself looked after, cared for, as she had never been before—as her appreciation enlarged and her civilized wants were provided for—and still no return demanded from her save that she should make the best of her opportunities, and keep herself unspotted, a feeling of gentle regard slowly grew up in her heart for the grave, kind man—a feeling that was expressed in the name she came to give him in her own native tongue, “Ish-kah”—father-man.

From time to time Chalk-ish and his wife had repaired to the white man’s cabin for instalments of the *promise money*, which, with gifts also, they never failed to receive in twenties, or thirties or fifties. As long as this was the case they did not mind that there was no talk of any change for their daughter, until tribal voices began to be heard in the matter.

Yahk's way of living had not made friends for her among the women and girls who were throwing their lives away ; and as time passed, the dissatisfaction grew into open taunts which stung the parents bitterly.

"You have but one daughter, and you can find no husband for her. That white man gives you fine presents but he will not have her—he makes her a fool," they said.

So it came about that as Yahk reached her thirteenth year, the shame of her parents became a matter of common reproach to the girl. The talk and taunts of their people made life unbearable to her parents and they determined to take their child to her husband and require him to make good his part of the bargain as they understood it. The true nature of his interest in Yahk they were no more able to comprehend than were the white men with whom he daily mingled. His kindness, his gifts, his money payments, and more than all his anxiety that she should be schooled and kept from evil company—all gave evidence most conclusive that he intended to make her his wife ; it was now time that their reproach should be removed.

The day school had just been closed for the long vacation, the people were leaving for their different summer fishing places, and would not return until late in the Autumn, with their stores of dry fish, berries and oil. It was well to settle this important matter first, Chalk-ish and his wife thought. The preparations for the trip were completed—this one thing only remained to do, then leaving Yahk with her husband, they would be off with the first tide.

When Yahk had left off wearing a blanket the fat baby was carried by his mother ; but he also gained something with the passing of years ; his own sturdy legs carried him now, as he trudged

on with the family party, one chubby hand in the strong grasp of his sister.

They had met with no resistance from Yahk in bringing her with them. She knew the ground, she shrank from their reproaches, she keenly felt their shame in the tribe. It was a woman's lot to be married—she was glad that she had been free so long. She was glad that it was no worse now. Ish-kah was kind; he would not get drunk and beat her.

She could bear it if it must be, but—and her heart gave a leap at the thought—he didn't want her for a wife; he had said so, though her father and mother did not believe it. He had said so, and he had never acted as if it were a lie.

More than that—and the rose in her cheeks deepened—he had said a good man of her own kind would make her the best husband. Oh, if he but stood by that! Who was so good as Whasane? Who could read and write and speak—yes, and *work* like him? Who could make such a cozy cabin as he would make for her? How nice she would keep it! But she must not think about it now; she must not speak, for had not the Ish-kah given her father all that money? and had not her father and mother told her that their shame would kill them? So the eyes that had sweetly softened, showed a clear and steady light, the lips that had quivered with a moment's tender joy, set themselves with more than habitual firmness. Yahk's friend was not altogether surprised when their errand was made known to him. Their haste to be off had caused its announcement to be made without much delay.

"I wanted her to go to school another year," he said, in answer to her father's statement that his daughter was ready to be married and that they had come to leave her with him, and receive the final payment. "I wanted her to go to school

another year. Keep her one year more for me, and then see what her own heart says. See," and he drew out a bag of coin, as he spoke, "see, I will give you another thirty dollars, and you take care of her, just as you have done, another year."

Yahk's heart had leaped at his words, but in a moment it sank again as she looked at her father's stolid, clouded face, on which was written a determination that would yield to nothing. He was not to be moved this time—nor put off.

And her mother—it was easy to see that her anger was rising, and if it reached its height—well, the matter would be settled *to-day*, one way or the other, and without many words.

"No," came from the father's lips. There was no visible excitement about him, but there was a boulder-like quality in his utterance of that single word which gave a feeling of helplessness to the slighter man before him.

"No," came again after a moment's emphatic silence.

"No: I will have no more of your money or your gifts—nor shall my daughter—until she is made at home in this house. And *that* must be *to-day—or never.*"

"I told you before, at the very first, that a good man of your own people would make the best husband for your daughter. I said that she should go to school and wait until her own heart could choose. Has it chosen, Yahk? Do *you* choose to live with me."

"It shall be as you say," answered Yahk in a steady voice.

"I have spoken my wish," he said.

"Are *you* what the white people call a *man*! Is this the white man's fashion, to hunt the deer, then throw it to the dogs," Chalk-ish asked in scathing tones.

"Come, come ; let us keep to business. You see I have the money ready for you—send Yahk to school another year."

"Another year, another year !" now spoke the mother, unable to longer restrain her feelings. "Keep her another year, for *you* ! and so it will be one year after another till her head is white and her knees shake, and *we* are dead with shame !" As she had proceeded her voice rose to a shriek, and with an angry, threatening thrust of one hand towards the man, with the other she roughly grasped Yahk's shoulder and forced her out of the house, only looking back to say : "There are plenty who want her—she is not lost because of *you*."

Again Yahk's friend endeavored to conciliate the father and make him take the money, but it was to no purpose. He followed his family silently and sullenly.

Having reached a spot where they could speak together unobserved from the cabin, the angry woman halted and awaited the coming of her more slow-going husband. A consultation was then held as to which of the numerous offers made them from time to time they should accept for their daughter. When a choice had been made, Yahk cried out with terror and shame, and began to plead with them to keep her another year. She was soon silenced, however, and with angry haste the mother again led the way—this time to a man who would ask no postponement.

The house was reached and the bargain soon concluded, but during the transaction Yahk's heart had failed her, and watching her chance, she slipped out unobserved and ran like one pursued to the cabin of her Ish-kah.

She had not yet gained its threshold when her flight was discovered. Rushing out of the house,

her parents soon espied her just as she was being admitted by Mr. Adrift himself.

Seeing that she had herself gone to her friend, her parents, quite satisfied that all would be well, annulled their later contract, and hastened to their own dwelling. Not many minutes were required to put together their belongings and stow them into the canoe—in less than half an hour they were out of sight—gone on their summer's outing.

When Yahk had breathlessly reached the cabin, and had stepped inside, she quickly shut the door, and placing her sturdy little body against it, she stood with a hand on her heart, unable for a moment to speak.

"Why—child, what is the matter? where is your mother?"

With a beseeching look Yahk pointed to the place she had just left.

"O Ish-kah," she cried, "*hide* me! save me! my heart is killed! I'm afraid of that bad man. You are kind, let me stay. I am not afraid of you. I will be good—I will be your child—your *slave* if you like! O Ish-kah, save me!"

"Where is your mother, Yahk?" the man asked, more touched than he liked to show—"What have they done?"

And then, not without tears, she told him the shameful story, only one little story among so many; he had heard them often, from the other end. But now it was Yahk's story and it was at Yahk's end that he heard it.

"My little child—yes, you shall be my child, but you cannot live with me. I will try to take care of you, but you must stay with your mother. I would not be your Ish-kah if I kept you with me. Evil tongues would hurt you, and soon your heart would never sing again. You have been to the mission over there, Yahk, surely

they have taught you about these things. "Then, as though a sudden thought had struck him—" "They are good people, aren't they? Do you like them?"

"Yes. I used to be afraid to go there, but I know better now. I wish I could live there!" she exclaimed with impetuous abruptness.

"Why couldn't you live there, and grow up to be a good and wise woman, and sometime make a happy home of your own? That is the best thing if your father and mother will only consent to it. Here, take this money, Yahk, and go home to your father's house, wait for them there, and make them take it. See if they won't let you go to the Mission." And putting into her hand the pouch of silver, which had been so contemptuously refused by her parents, he sent her to her village home.

Yahk, upon reaching her father's house found the door barred on the outside and secured by a padlock, which instantly told her that they had gone on their summer's expedition. Sitting down on the threshold, the child leaned her aching head wearily against the door—the barred door of her father's house.

She had been an only daughter and a petted child, like enough to her father to make her very close to him. She had been his pride, and had loved to be always near him. Tears were very slow coming with strong-hearted Yahk, but they came then, and hiding her face against her knees, her little body was shaken with sobs.

"What's the matter?" came in not unkindly Kling-get from some one who had come up the almost deserted village street. For, as is often the case, many of the people had gone together, a dozen or more canoes starting on the same tide, leaving many houses empty and the village desolate.

"As soon as she could control herself, Yahk looked up, and seeing one of the old village mothers, she asked, "Where are my father and mother?"

"O, they have gone to their fishing place; didn't you know? They said you were to stay with your husband."

At this Yahk covered her face again and made no sign nor sound, until the woman had passed on and had entered her own house. Then quickly rising to her feet, and walking rapidly in the opposite direction Yahk reached the cabin of her friend. Handing back to him the money, she told him in a still, unchildish way, how free she was—how alone.

"There is the mission, Yahk; I never thought much of it before—but I'm sure it must be a good place. They will teach you and take care of you, child. I'm glad there is such a home for you. Go to the mission-mother—tell her your story—tell her that your Ish-kah sent you, and that he will give you clothes and everything you need if she will take you in."

Thus it came about that Yahk was enrolled a pupil in the Mission Home.

When her father and mother returned they were at first very angry and unwilling that she should remain, but at length they yielded to the force of circumstances and to Yahk's stolid determination to stay.

They were greatly distressed about the money they had received from Mr. Adrift—since their daughter was not to marry him—and they wished to pay it back, though they were quite poor. But not many months later he bade farewell to the shores of Alaska. With a friend he left, what would have made a number of "payments," a wedding gift for Yahk, in case, as he said, she should marry a good man of her own choice.

Thus he kindly finished the course into which his vision and his impulse had led him.

With his departure, Yahk's parents seemed to become wholly resigned to her staying in the mission and visited her frequently. In the course of time they began to attend church, at first no doubt attracted by their daughter's presence. When Yahk became light hearted and merry, they grew quite cheerful. As she became proficient in all household work they regarded her with wondering pride.

When Wha-sane, no longer awed by the white man, had asked them to give their daughter to him, because he loved her, they answered :

"You are young ; show us what you can make of yourself ;" and he went to work.

It looks as though there were truly to be a "little cabin kept so nice." Some of the play hours lately have been used for knitting lace to trim white pillow cases that Yahk has made for herself, and she has knitted, singing the while.

Jauneau, Alaska.

Service Pin Series

A Call for the Work of Her Hands

Anna May Sheets

Twenty-seven Years a Home Missionary



By MARY FIDELA SCHUKNECHT

Woman's Board of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Call for the Work of Her Hands

By MARY FIDELA SCHUKNECHT



ANNA MAY SHEETS

ANNA May Sheets, was living in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1892, when she became interested in the work of a small church nearby, and was therein unconsciously prepared to listen to God's call in the text: Matt. 28:19. Very insistent was the command, as if a voice had spoken audibly. To how many has God given this same message, who, having ears, yet hear

not? But what long years of kindly, helpful service have resulted from Miss Sheets' prompt and cheerful response. She consulted a returned foreign missionary, who advised her to apply for industrial work under the Home Board.

In a few months all arrangements had been made and she was on her way to Alaska. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—the gift of self best of all. Fannie Willard and Dr. Sheldon Jackson

were passengers on the same steamer, Miss Willard and Miss Sheets to be fellow workers at Haines Mission. There were no regular steamers beyond Juneau, the remainder of the trip being made in a small vessel carrying miners to the Yukon prior to the Klondike rush. Haines was then a small native village without mail service. A large steamer came in once a year bringing supplies for the mission. This was in 1894, and must have been soon after the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Willard, the latter of whom so faithfully described the native Alaskans in her story "Kindashon's Wife."

For church services they crossed the peninsula to the Chilkat River side and a dreary little log schoolhouse. But the people were friendly and came to the services; and surrounding and over all were the wonders of nature—acres of wild flowers, quantities of berries, and the awe-inspiring mountains. Alaskan scenery charms every one; little wonder that she who had always lived in our level middle-west was reminded of the forty-eighth Psalm: "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised . . . in the mountain of His holiness."

Three strenuous years were spent there in company with Miss Willard. One bitterly cold night they were turned out by fire, saving little clothing or other effects. The roof collapsed within a half

hour, and it was two weeks before the sea was smooth enough to permit natives with canoes to carry the news of the disaster to Juneau. It was several years after her transfer to Sitka before Miss Sheets again saw Haines. She found stores, a small church, a military post, well-dressed natives, white settlers, a greatly enlarged and changed village. The old pupils had tasteful and orderly homes and were actively engaged in church work.

Twelve years were spent in Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka, in those old buildings heated with fires made from salted green wood, and lighted with kerosene lamps. The short days of half the year and the clouds and rain enveloping all the year made lamp-filling a perpetual duty for the housewife. There were privations, discouragements, sickness, death, even tragedies, but there also were sunny experiences, and those are what Miss Sheets remembers most frequently—friendships made with pupils and parents, ties strong as those of blood, binding missionaries together as they labor for one end, the uplift and salvation of human beings who have been dragged low by evils within and without.

At the end of fifteen years of service, Alaska was much nearer the States and the Home Board than at the beginning. Miss Sheets' first work in

the training school was as girls' matron; at that time all girls being under one roof and one mother. Next she had the sewing department, but later was in charge of the children's kitchen and dining-room, which she enjoyed best of all.

How tourists exclaimed over the stacks of bread turned out from her ovens; fine bread it was, and quantities were necessary to feed from 125 to 175 growing children and young people. Then there were holiday feasts to supervise, and occasional spreads for cottagers, and birthday suppers for the girls when a small table would be set at one side for the favored one and her chums. Miss Sheets, though always self-contained and dignified, responded cheerfully to the numerous demands upon time and strength.

In 1912 she was transferred to Ganado, Arizona. What a change from continual rain to desert sands! And there was as vast a difference between people: The Alaskans living in houses in villages, except when camping for the fishing season or drying herring eggs; the Navajos occupying hogans, scattered about where they may find water and grazing for the sheep. At church services the latter sit with hats and blankets on and their long hair turned under and wound tightly with white wool, making two stiff clubs hanging down from the head. A

blanket is thrown over a screen separating the men and women so that the Navajo may not see his mother-in-law, for that would cause a calamity!

At Ganado Miss Sheets was matron of the new hospital for two years. But when it was closed for a time for lack of funds she was transferred to Menaul School, Albuquerque, New Mexico. This was a change from the Indians, whom she calls her first love, to the Mexican people. But after twenty years of interpreted sermons, she heartily enjoys services without an "interrupter," as some one has expressed it. At Menaul she has had charge of the teachers' kitchen and dining room. Frequently visitors, conferences, and similar extras render more arduous the always heavy burdens of this department, and the necessity of rigid economy, owing to the limitations of the budget, makes the daily task sometimes exceedingly difficult. Since coming to Menaul she has had a seventeen months' interlude at Ferron, Utah.

Miss Sheets has that characteristic of greatness, modesty. She admits her hands have done their share, but lays claim to nothing more. Those who have been associated with her would recall many sorts of service and helpfulness all along the way. For years she played the organ for chapel exercises. I recall a cantata rendered by the girls,

who were wholly trained by her. Ever ready for a good time, yet she has been a balance wheel by means of her quiet force of character. The church knows exceedingly little of the lives of her faithful missionaries, but the Heavenly Father knows the details of every day and hour.

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A GRADUATION ESSAY

ON

Presbyterian Missions in Southeastern Alaska

By

JESSIE AGNES WEIR

(native Alaskan)

When in 1867 this vast territory, with a population from thirty to fifty thousand souls, was turned over to the United States, the call of God's providence came to the American Church to enter in and possess the land for Christ.

In response to that call it was to be expected that the churches of the United States, with their purer religion and greater consecration, would send in more efficient agencies than Russia had done. But the years rolled around and the church did nothing. Ten years passed and hundreds of immortal souls, who had never so much as heard that there was a Saviour, were hurried to judgment from a Christian land. Ten years came and went. Thousands were left to grow up in ignorance and superstition, and form habits that would keep them away from the gospel, if it were ever offered them. Still no church responded. The churches slept and missions waited. Not so, however, with God's providence, it never waits.

In 1876 a group of Christian natives from Fort Simpson came to Fort Wrangell looking for employment. To the surprise of the Government authorities they refused to work on the Sabbath, but met for Christian worship on that day. This gathering of a few Christian Tsimpean Indians was the beginning of missions in this territory.

At the close of their contract, these young men intended to return to Fort Simpson, but Clah, whose English name is Phillip McKay, the leader of these young men, remained, willing to assist these poor people in their endeavors to learn more of the good Saviour, of whom they had heard but recently. That winter, forty of the natives gave up their heathenism and came out upon the Lord's side, while hundreds of others remained in heathen practices.

Christian women, wives of the Army Officers stationed at Sitka and Wrangell, were continually writing to friends, concerning the need of missionaries. A soldier at the Post, not a Christian himself, wrote the following letter:

"I am not a church member, but I am making this appeal for these poor people from the dictates of a heart that I trust may never be deaf to the cry for help from the heathen. Can you not, will you not make it your business to build up and foster this mission to Alaska? A number of men could be employed advantageously, but one whole-souled man can do much and pave the way for doing more. Send out a shepherd who may reclaim a mighty flock from the error of their ways and gather them to the true fold, the Master of which said, 'Feed my sheep.' I hope that this letter may be considered in all charity, blemishes excluded. And more with faith in the justice of the cause for which I plead so feebly, I leave the matter in your hands, trusting that a brighter day may soon dawn for the poor benighted natives of Alaska."

This letter was placed in the hands of Dr. Sheldon Jackson at the General Assembly of 1877, at Chicago. He published it in the *Chicago Tribune* and the leading Presbyterian newspapers. Soon after he sent a copy to the Board of Home Missions, with an urgent appeal for action.

At last the Board responded and Dr. Sheldon Jackson left all and made his way to this important field. Through his efforts the flourishing Presbyterian Missions were established at Sitka and on the Island of the Alexander Archipelago.

In August, 1877, Dr. Jackson and Mrs. MacFarland commenced the work at Wrangell. They met around in several native houses, not knowing one day where they would meet the next. But the ringing of a small hand-bell indicated the school-room for the day.

In April, 1878, a school was opened at Sitka by Mr. J. G. Brady and Miss F. E. Kellogg. In December, through a combination of circumstances, it was discontinued. But in the spring of 1879, Miss Olinda Austin reopened the school in one of the rooms of the guard house, with about a hundred children. This number was soon increased so that some of those that applied for admission could not be received because there was no room. The school was later moved to the old hospital building.

One day some of the boys applied to Miss Austin for permission to stay at the school, because at home there was so much drinking, talking and carousing that they could not study in peace. Miss Austin said she had no accommodations, bedding or food for them. But they were so much in earnest they said they would provide for themselves. Upon receiving permission, these boys, bringing a blanket each, voluntarily left their homes and took up their abode in a vacant room of one of the Government buildings. Thus commenced the boarding department of the Sitka School.

In 1882, the first building of the Industrial Training School was erected under the direction of Dr. Sheldon Jackson and A. E. Austin. This marked the beginning of the educational work among the Alaskans.

The First Presbyterian Thlinget Church was organized in 1884, with about fifty members. This was the result of a previous revival among the pupils of the School.

By 1898 there were about seven mission schools in Southeastern Alaska: at Sitka, Hoonah, Juneau, Tongass, Howean, Wrangell and Chilcat. As the missionary came in the Government came to help also. Later, the missionaries turned over all the schools to the Department of Education of the Government except the one at Sitka. The missionary was the first to see the needs

and to give the sympathy and cooperation of the friends of education throughout this country. The Christian Churches hastened to send in missionaries to this neglected land. Today, the Presbyterian Church has fourteen preaching stations among the natives in Southeastern Alaska, besides visiting nurses in two of the villages, and the Sheldon Jackson School.

These missionaries who fostered the missions in Alaska have done a great work. "What the missionaries have achieved fills the brightest page in the history of Alaska." Others have come here for selfish purposes, they have sought the wealth, and have had as little care for the natives as for the rocks or the rivers. Here in Alaska it was the missionary who came among the degraded and benighted natives to bring knowledge of a better way and a better life. It was the missionary who first clothed the native, reformed the vicious and gave a hand of help to the fallen ones. It was the missionary who first taught the natives the use of the English forms of speech, and roused within their beclouded minds the desire and ambition to study and work as well as to pray.

And to them under God, we give our hearty thanks as the kind instrument of this change for the betterment of the Alaskans. They shall always have our gratitude far beyond any other men, for they have proved themselves unselfish, self-sacrificing and earnest friends of Alaska.

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